

TUCSON • ARIZONA CITY MAGAZINE

January 1987

Volume 2 Number 1

\$2.00

The kids next door

Call 'em punks, deaths, skin-heads, rockers, glams, mods—they are the children of the '80s and they tweak the very society that spawned them.

Canoeing into a tidal wave

After fifty years of being a wimp, the Colorado River below Yuma is back and bad. When it collides with the ocean in a tidal bore—watch out!

Let's export the Ooh-Aah Man

He inspires thousands of sports



Happy New Year!

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Let's export the Ooh-Aah Man

He inspires thousands of sports fans. Why won't UA give him some respect? Lute Olson wants to change that—he wants Joe Cavaleri on road trips.

■ Coming to grips.

At fifty she volunteered to work with the dying and met herself.

■ If you can't deal with Ev...

So what? There is ample precedent for Arizona not having a governor.


■ Hal Gould: Downtown.

Downtown may be turning trendy, but Gould's photographs search its soul.

■ Choice: Junkyard Dog.

He's nasty, wears tights and heads pages and pages of interesting things to see and do in Where to Howl.



A black and white photograph of a man in a suit standing on a paved road that stretches into the distance. He is gesturing with his hands as if speaking. In the background, there are large, rugged mountains under a clear sky.

96%
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WITH US.

DOWN THE ROAD, WHERE IT COUNTS.

The road to success in health care here in Arizona's a pretty long one. And there have been a lot of health care plans making a lot of promises along the way.

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The road to success for health care is paved with some well-intentioned promises.

But how well you keep those promises...that's what really counts, down the road.

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Ronald Hoofman

Howdy,

It's not easy being a hip lizard in a world full of mammals, but fortunately Tucson is full of kind and generous folk. This city has loose borders that expand and contract. Sometimes it is downtown and urban with kids shaving their heads and playing with our minds by wearing swastikas—don't expect a reptile to explain this one. But thankfully Laura Greenberg files her report on the local punk scene (page 20). And then at times Tucson expands and reaches out to places hundreds of miles away, like the Colorado delta where a hungry river is now bringing back the dead. If you want to meet a wicked dam and the Sonoran desert's very own tidal bore, see page 42. And like any real town, a lot of the geography covers inner space, the adventures of our minds. This one I understand since any iguana who's gonna make it this Sunbelt mayhem has to know how to live in his head. Bernice Davidman has worked in the Hospice and teaches the life that is in death (page 54).

But of course there is always play—all work and no play makes for a pretty dull iguana. Let the Ooh-Aah Man, who galvinates UA sports fans, explain real play (page 26). Or maybe follow Ken Harts to the dog track (page 61), or see the world view of the great tailed grackle that abounds in our city parks with Tom Dollar (page 60).

City Magazine covers this town and Tucson is too rich in experience to ever be easy. I guarantee it.

Iggy Lizardo

Iggy Lizardo
Founder

Founder
Ignacio "Iggy" Lizardo

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TUCSON • ARIZONA CITY MAGAZINE

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For more information, call 624-2333.

LETTERS

About the Unspeakable

Up here in Yavapai County are folks who not only remember "Pumpkinville" as Phoenix's first name, but also remember that the "Pit" stole the state capitol-ship from Prescott and Tucson....

The capitol and legislators, too, must go. Is it really just that North Dakota get both? Perhaps west Texas could be considered as an option.

Bonnie Walker
Prescott

Just keep the ditch digger and realtor away from Tucson and bomb the Palo Verde plant.

Lois M. Parker

Fans, Fans, Fans

Great first issue. Do sell Phoenix even if we have to cut the price.

Herold B. Hicks

It has an interesting format and an attractive appearance, but, I do object to the size. It is awkward to hold. Also I find I have no place to put it—it slips off my end table....

Phyllis W. Heald

Must congratulate you on *City Magazine* and wish you success. Am glad to see Joe Brown in print again.

J. Bagby

About Those Muscle Cars

The cars today stink. My dad had a '62 Olds Starfire, 394 cu, 345 bhp, 11.5 to 1 comp., that with the aircleaner off and two on board would do 92 mph in the quarter and beat many a hot rig 1000 pounds lighter. It had a four speed hydramatic and was never beaten by another slushbox! So keep blowin' 'em off.

Tom Naylor

The Road Tax

Why is it that any attempt to improve the transportation network in this town is always talked about as if it only benefits the big "power brokers"—land developers, big

business, real estate speculators etc? I am not a high roller, I am one of those "little people" who live here and have for fifteen years, and work at a place that pays me only \$5.70 an hour. Yet, an improved road system will benefit me, and thousands of others, not just the so called "establishment."

If the neighborhood groups with their axes to grind, refugees from New York, and gutless city and county politicians allow the traffic situation to reach crisis proportions in about twenty years, everyone will be screaming bloody murder for something, anything to be done, including (HEAVEN FORBID) a freeway.

Tom Moga
P.S. I'm just one of those "Flowing Wells rednecks."

Yes, We Have Art

Lawrence Clark Powell's article was partially subtitled "Where are the voices crying out for the arts...." Many of his observations are well-stated, especially the comment on the dullness of some self-serving committees. But why hasn't he heard about—and better yet—joined the growing, coalescing group of Tucson artists who have extended immense amounts of energy and/or money into promoting Tucson arts.

The successful establishment of a downtown Arts District is no small achievement, especially given the fact that the Tucson City Council has not gone on record as being particularly arts-oriented. But then they did ultimately allocate \$12 million for the project.

Janet Mitchell
Tucson

That Fair on 4th Avenue

Blow of blows. I have looked forward to *City Magazine* and appreciate its contribution to Tucson. This morning, however, I feel a pocito angry concerning the listing for the Fourth Avenue Street Fair in "Where to Howl." We do not consider ourselves a swap meet....I won't bother to respond to the "Junkyard" statement. I do like *City Magazine*.

Michael Haggerty
Fair Coordinator

Okay. We'll do better. The editor.

Let us hear from you. Please try to keep it short. We reserve the right to edit letters (which must be signed) for publication. Send your letters to *City Magazine*, 1137 N. 7th Avenue, Tucson, 85705.



Dan Pike

X-Ray Gogs. Catalina. Memorial Day, 1986.

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The first steps to the good life.
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COLUMNS

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- 59 **Politics**
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- 60 **City Streets**
Grackles. Hey, they live here, too! They're black, they're noisy and they've got a tail like a canoe paddle.
- 61 **Sports**
Dogs are easy, if you stick with the plan. Alas, our man had a couple of cold ones on the way to the betting window.
- 63 **People**
Sometimes, a good idea means a lot of work. Did you feel frustrated when Challenger blew up on your TV screen? So did this guy and he did something about it.
- 64 **Books**
The Beach Boys? Well, how about cocaine? Maybe you think there's no connection between surfboards and white powder. Our reviewer begs to differ.

Cover:

Arah, a student at Project M.O.R.E., shares a happy moment with Thor, a friend's baby son.
Photo by Laura Greenberg.

Where to Howl

Tucson's guide to entertainment, restaurants, the arts and other things to do



You're As Old As You Feel... Jan. 21-25

For those on the other side of 50—discover the fountain of youth in a frenzy of athletic contests. This is your Olympics, more than thirty events, including track and field, basketball, swimming, ping-pong—golf for the leisurely inclined. Lower your cholesterol and feel your blood pulse through clear arteries. Held at various sites. Small fee for each event—buys you a T-shirt and other goodies. Wheelchairs welcome. Registration info. 791-4865 or 791-4070.

The Real Graffiti Jan. 24

Rock around prehistoric carvings in Picacho. The Hohokam Indians (say it, you'll like it) left us a message in stone. You walk up a hillside in silence and whamo! lizards, men, birth, sheep and clues to the universe stare up from a boulder. On Jan. 14 at 7 p.m. there will be a slide show to prepare for the petroglyph tours. Sponsored by Institute for American Research. Call 622-6663.

Dreaded Devils Jan. 31

McKale Center explodes in the continuing rivalry between the UA Wildcats and ASU Sun Devils on the basketball floor at 1:05 p.m. Let's get real: Remember how your Phoenix friends gloated after ASU did us in last year in

Tempe? This is your chance to get even. Good sounds—sneakers squealing, players grunting, fans shouting unprintable things. The trick is to find a ticket. 621-2411.

Wrestling Wrage Jan. 14

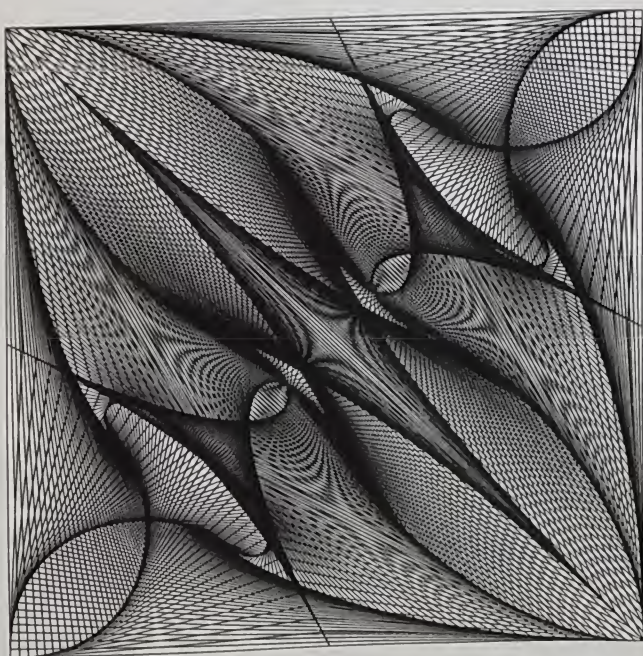
This is the way it goes: you have grown men in Spandex with big guts that wobble when they walk. They bite each other's heads in, run into ropes, and make goo-goo eyes at each other. Hulk Hogan, Randy "Macho Man" Savage and Junkyard Dog are just a few of these cavemen in the ring. Sponsored by the World Wrestling Federation. Performance art on a primal level—but they get paid better for it. Adm. charge. 7:30 p.m., TCC. 791-4266.

KLPX Does Tucson Jan. 18

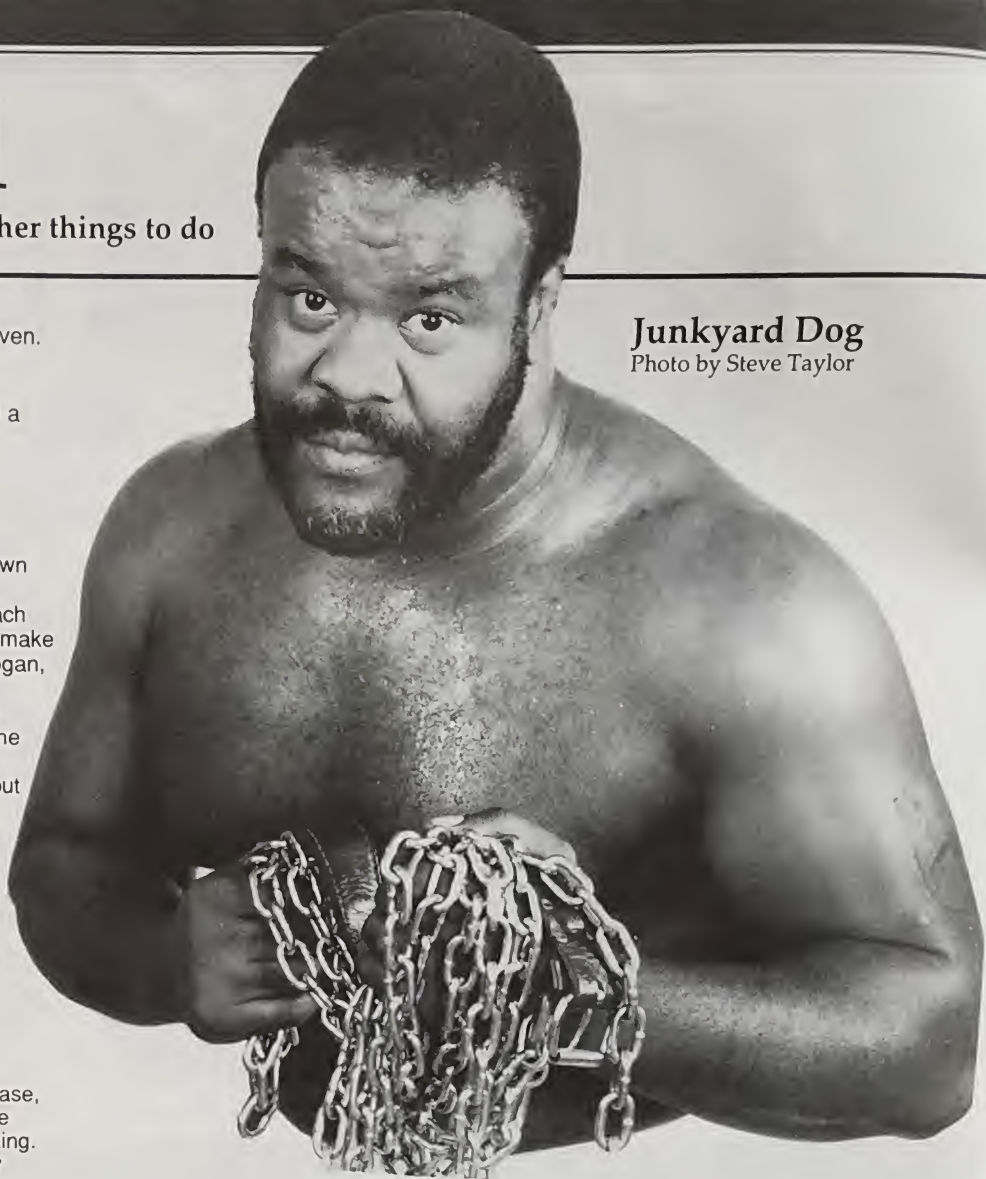
Wall to wall human flesh. Last year, 25,000 versions of our species boogied at this bazaar for the MTV generation. Hair cuts, sushi, exotic coffee beans—you know, all the goodies the upwardly mobile need for nourishment—are for purchase, everything discounted 20%-50%. The best thing here is free—people gawking. Entertainment. Prizes. Sponsored by KLPX—they've thrown out the playlist for this one. TCC. 622-6711.

This Could Get Sticky Jan. 23-25

Form overpowers function when stamp collectors bring philatelia madness to Tucson in this convention at TCC. Stampede through time with a truly utilitarian art show. More than 300 frames of exhibits, and 50 dealers from the U.S., Europe, and Mexico will be buying, trading and selling. One of the biggest international shows of the year in the world of little square things. For more info, call Charles Laubly, 323-2292. TCC, 791-4266.



One of Paul Jablonka's many computerized images.



Junkyard Dog
Photo by Steve Taylor

Eye Candy Through Jan. 18

Paul Jablonka graduated with three engineering degrees (metallurgical, math, systems) and then got smart and became an artist. Computerized images designed with software he invented is the result. His intricate paintings look like they've been airbrushed onto crystal. These colors may make rainbows obsolete—and they last longer, too. But hold onto a friend while you're staring; these images can make you dizzy. Consider hiring him for a star wars party—he free-lances. UA Flandrau Exhibit Halls. 621-4515.

Night Moves Jan. 24, 31

Top of the line spontaneous performances by the tight-muscled crew at ORTS. Body language at its best. Group dances, some solos, maybe audience participation—be there early to find out (and to find a good seat). 8 p.m., 260 E. Congress. Adm. charge. 628-7212.

Rebel Without A Cause Jan. 26, 5:30 and 8:30 p.m. 27, 7:30 p.m.

The bad boy film of the '50s created three screen legends—Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, James Dean. Growing up and all the misery that goes with it—the hands in your pockets, hunched shoulder syndrome. Back when a big block Chevy was your ticket and you didn't worry about the cost of gas. UA Modern Languages Auditorium. 5:30 p.m. and 8:30 p.m. Jan. 26; 8:30 p.m. Jan. 27. \$1.75; students \$1.25; children 50¢.

Holistic Healing Jan. 9-16

They use psycho-babble to describe this conference—self actualization,

meditation, consciousness, growth, etc., and it all adds up to getting to a good place via natural methods. American Indian medicine men with credentials from big universities teach the cynical what holistic is about, and that doesn't just mean whole wheat bread. The focus is on learning to heal yourself and applying old principles and concepts to today's health care system. Rate this a ten and go—well worth the cost. St. Mary's Hospital & Health Center. 1601 W. St. Mary's Road. Fee. 622-5833 ext. 1634.

Add Your Touch Jan. 10

Ever wanted to scrawl something on a wall? Tucson Art Institute's all-day jamboree has it. The main event is the faculty-student art exhibition—feed your spirit on the visuals and stuff your belly with fun food. There are clowns to make you laugh, belly dancers to ogle, caricature artists, magicians, entertainment. They know how to put on a show. Starts at 10 a.m., 1157 S. Swan. 748-1173.

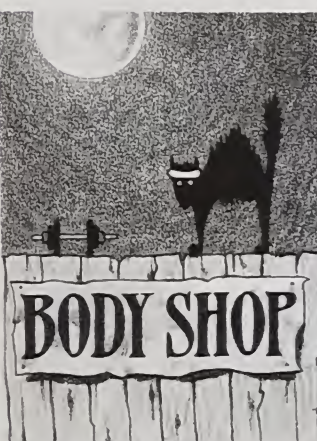
Martin Luther King Day Jan. 19

Take the drive. When you get to Phoenix, jam downtown in a sea of flesh to commemorate the man who walked this country and kept his dream. While you're at it, send Gov. Ev a message. Gather at 10 a.m. at the State Capitol. On Jan. 18, in Tucson, an evening honoring Martin Luther King's birthday will be held at 7 p.m. at the United Methodist Church. Rev. Clarence Jones, a former staff member of Dr. King's, will be a keynote speaker and several local choirs will sing. Representatives of the clergy from different faiths will also speak. Call Margie Fenton for more info. 792-1816.

WHERE TO HOWL



Gil Juarez



The Miracle Mile Jan. 17

For runners, this one's a sprint. For joggers, a chance to show off your legs. A fast, downhill, 1-mile run, \$1 for non-club members. Southern Arizona Road Runners. Call for location. 887-5033.

Open Your Pipes Jan. 18

New Year's came and went and you vowed to get in shape. Feel the improvement in breath power as you're pushing pedals in this 6-mile uphill ride through Gates Pass. Starts at 8 a.m. Sponsored by the Pima Velo Bicycle Club. 884-5564 (eves).

Show 'Em You've Still Got It Jan. 21-25

Senior Olympics jock festival for those 50-plus. Over 30 shots at greatness, including track and field, basketball, swimming, ping-pong, golf and shuffleboard. Held at various sites. Small fee for

each event—buys you a T-shirt and other goodies. Wheelchairs welcome. Registration info. 791-4865 or 791-4070.

Join a League Jan. 31

If you're interested in playing softball or volleyball year-round, Sportspark is having an Open House at 10 a.m. to get you in a league that fits your abilities. They'll be swinging bats and smashing volleyballs during the day, and you can join in. Ina and I-10. 744-9496.



Outer Limits Through Jan. 18

Ride this fantasy flight through a digital world of special effects, animation, and space-age music. Find out where we come from and where we're headed as you hurl through scenes from medicine, mechanics, biology. A.k.a. a "sensory experience." Capturing The Cosmos, the second part of this spectacle takes you on a space-art history

trip. Flandrau Planetarium. Adm. charge. 621-4515.

Eye Candy Through Jan. 18

Three engineering degrees later (metallurgical, math, systems), Paul Jablonka stages hallucinations with computerized wall hangings and slides in back-lit cases. This qualifies as state-of-the-art "art"—using software as automated paint brushes. Try hiring him out for a party for serious special effects—he free-lances. Flandrau Auditorium. 621-4515.

Wet And Wild Jan. 1-4

Check out toys for the rich and not-so-famous when rowboats rub bows with yachts in this annual boat and travel show. Snoop around inside the RVs—future homes of the upwardly mobile. Adm. charge. T.C.C. 791-4266.

Tireless Efforts Jan. 3-24

If it has been worn, carried or used, it's now wall art—Tucson Quilters Guild has its annual show at Nanini Library. 7300 N. Shannon. 791-4626.

Center Court Jan. 9

Pac-Woman joins the Pac-10 as the UA TopCats take on USC at 7:30 p.m. in a wild game of hoops. McKale Center. 621-2411.

Wear Camouflage Jan. 10-11

This trade show has something for every

survivalist—knives, guns, handmade wood carvings, homemade weapons, silversmiths, and, yep, homemade duck decoys in all shapes, colors and sizes. A must for Rambo lovers. Opens at 10 a.m. Sponsored by Anthony Adams Associates; registration 882-7383. Adm. charge. T.C.C. 791-4266.

Attention Numismatists! Jan. 9-11

The arena goes currency crazy with our national obsession—money. This coin show has everything you don't have. Adm. charge. T.C.C. 791-4266.

UCLA Here Jan. 10

Power meets power when the basketball Wildcats meet UCLA's Bruins—the only good moves out of L.A. 7:35 p.m., McKale Center. Tickets are nearly gone. 621-2411.

Eat Dust Jan. 10-11

Amateurs, rhinestone cowboys and jodhpur dreamers can ride in this no-requirement horse competition that includes Western barrel racing and polebending. If that's too much muscle, you can flaunt your grace in the

English hunter-jumper show. Sponsored by the Pima County Sheriff's Posse. All proceeds to charity. 8 a.m. opening, Pima County Fairgrounds. \$1 donation. 622-4816.

Add Your Touch Jan. 10

Tucson Art Institute's all-day jamboree. Starts at 10 a.m. The main event is the faculty-student art exhibition—feed your spirit on the visuals and stuff your belly with fun food. A wall of graffiti for you to play on, clowns to make you laugh, belly dancers to ogle, caricature artists, magicians,



Bruce Ford

WHERE TO HOWL



Dan Pike

entertainment. They do art right. 1157 S. Swan, 748-1173.

Wrestle Mania Jan. 14

These guys fill Madison Square Garden everytime and they're live in Tucson. You won't want to tell them it's fake—that's not really the point and they're huge and hostile. See an original American theater form when World Wrestling Federation Superstars start kicking butts at 7:30 in the TCC. Adm. charge. 791-4266.

Wear Polka Dots Jan. 15-17

These folks make slam-dancing look tame. Square dance nuts get down with modern Western swing. They're also taking a whirl at round dancing, cha-cha,

two-step and the waltz. For those who know how—886-0837 to register. For spectators, your \$1 admission gives you a chance at a free trip to Vegas. T.C.C. 791-4266.

Turquoise Bonanza Jan. 16-18

Southwestern American Indian arts and crafts show with more shades of turquoise than you could dig up. Adm. charge. T.C.C. 791-4266.

Bucking Broncos Jan. 16-18

Consider the alternative to riding one—being thrown. Professional cowboys ride mean flesh in the first-ever P.R.C.A. Turquoise Circuit Finals Rodeo held locally. Old Tucson Rodeo Grounds. 883-0100.

Rock Bottom Bazaar Jan. 18

Last year 25,000 humans jammed this bizarre bazaar—wall to wall booths of "things" from KLPX's advertisers, plus all-day entertainment and prizes. You can buy anything from coffee to a haircut—at 20%-50% off. No playlist. Free. 622-6711.

Music Fit for a King Jan. 20

An evening of traditional Latin American music honoring Martin Luther King—Southwestern style. 7 p.m., Mission Library, 3770 S. Mission. 791-4811.

Tertulia Jan. 23

A third world party—Tertulia is a Central American gathering of

poetry, food and music, part planned and part spontaneous. Co-sponsored by TECHO Inter-American Center. 7:30 p.m., El Pueblo Library, 101 W. Irvington. 791-4733.

Return to Sender Jan. 23-25

Converge with other philatelists in 1987's first big stamp show—one of the best of its kind. Stamp crazies know they're not just for mailing bills. Over 300 frames of exhibits. Fifty dealers from the U.S., Europe and Mexico will be buying, trading and selling. For info. call Charles Laubly. 323-2292 or T.C.C. 791-4266.

Cats on Ice Jan. 24, 25

The UA Ice Cats meet

North Dakota State University in two nights of hockey that could frost your shorts. 7:30 p.m., T.C.C. Adm. charge. 791-4266.

Magic Kingdom Jan. 28-Feb.1

They've got Mickey, they've got Donald, they've got Minnie—the Disney characters go skating in this theatrical dance on ice that all ages will love. Adm. charge. T.C.C. 791-4266.

Squealing Sneakers Jan. 31

The sport of the schoolyard meets the muscle of fast wood when the UA Wildcats continue their opposition against ASU Sun Devils. A great place to develop laryngitis. You might have to sell your first born to get a ticket. 1:05 p.m., McKale Center. 621-2411.

Work of Art

You live inside it—but do you understand how it works? The Human Adventure Center, a well-kept secret, teaches everyone about the human body and how to care for it. This gets to the heart of the matter. 5531 East Fort Lowell. Adm. charge. 721-8749.



Serious Talk Jan. 8

Tucson AIDS Project monthly meeting provides information to separate fact from fantasy concerning this disease. Or, if you are thinking of doing good and volunteering, this is the place to meet the people who run the local social service programs. 7:30 p.m., University Medical Center, Dining Rooms E and F. Free.

The Desert is Different Jan. 8, 9-11 a.m.

Get your feet wet by getting your hands dirty in an introduction to desert gardening by Tucson Botanical Garden's docents. A class for newcomers either to Tucson or gardening. 9 a.m.-11 a.m. Adm. charge.

2150 N. Alvernon. 326-9255.

Holistic Healing Jan. 9-16

They use psycho-babble to describe this conference—self actualization, meditation, consciousness, growth etc., and it all adds up to getting healthy via natural methods. American Indian medicine men with credentials from big universities teach the cynical what holistic is about, and that doesn't just mean whole wheat bread. The focus is on learning to heal yourself and applying old principles and concepts to today's health care system. St. Mary's Hospital and Health Center. 1601 W. St. Mary's Road. Fee. 622-5833 ext. 1634.

Borderless Patrols Jan. 12

Isabel Garcia-Gallegos, attorney, and Guadalupe Castillo, of Arizona Coalition for Immigrant and Refugee Rights, tackles the new immigration law and tells it like it is. 7 p.m. Valencia Library, 202 W. Valencia. 791-4531. The same discussion takes place on Jan. 14 at 4 p.m. at South Tucson Library, 1601 S. Sixth Ave. 791-4791.

Nuts about Nuts Jan. 12

There's more to know about the pecan than its use for dessert. Ken Kingsley, consulting biologist, talks tough about the ecological and economic impact of the pecan grove as a new form of riparian habitat. If that doesn't grab you, find out where birds are creating new nests. You'll walk away from this feeling smart. Sponsored by Tucson Audubon Society. 7:30 p.m., UA Harvill Auditorium, Second Street and Olive.

Keep your Money Jan. 13

Can't crawl out of red? Get advice in a free talk by Fran Westra, financial wizard. Also, learn how to get loans out of bankers (she used to be one) and how to get past the bureaucrats with medicare forms. 9:30 a.m., Unitarian Universalist Church. 4831 E. 22nd St. 748-1551.

College Aid Jan. 13

You've been reduced to begging your kids to leave home after high school, but they won't budge? Kick 'em out to college. Buddy Goldman gives serious dollar talk on how to send them away



WHERE TO HOWL



affordably—complete with financial-aid packages. 7 p.m.-9 p.m., Himmel Library, 1035 N. Treat. 791-4397.

Women in Politics Jan. 13

Betsy Bolding, former aide to Gov. Bruce Babbitt, talks about Arizona's woman political pioneers—including Nell Cashman and Isabella Greenway King, Arizona's only congresswoman. 7:30 p.m., Tohono Chul Park, 7366 N. Paseo del Norte. Non-members \$2.00; members free. 792-2100.

A Rose for all Occasions Jan. 14

They're beautiful, expensive and multi-colored. They fill funeral homes and are happy endings to bad fights. But instead of emptying your wallet for these precious petals, learn to grow your own in this workshop on roses—from planting to pruning. Get kinky—grow

'em black. 2 p.m., Pima County Co-Op Extension Service. Nanini Library, 7300 N. Shannon. 791-4626

Poetry Heavy Jan. 14

Contemporary poet Diane Wakoski from the University of Michigan reads from *Waiting For the King Of Spain*, *Cap of Darkness* and her newest book, *The Rings of Saturn*. This woman is prolific—she's published 20 books. 7:30 p.m., Wilmot Library, 530 N. Wilmot. For info. call Rolly Kent. 791-4131.

Shut Up and Listen Jan. 15

Stop barking and start listening. The Voluntary Action center sponsors a workshop to help you effectively get along with your staff/volunteers. Want to be loved by your employees? Here's your chance to learn how. 10 a.m.-noon, United Way Building, 3833 E. Second

Street. Non-members \$5. Call first. 327-6207.

Keep The Faith Jan. 18

Interfaith: An evening honoring Martin Luther King. The Rev. Clarence James, former staff member of Dr. King's, will be a keynote speaker, several local choirs will sing and representatives of the clergy from different faiths will talk at 7 p.m. United Methodist Church. 2700 E. Speedway. Call Margie Fenton. 792-1816.

Martin Luther King Day Jan. 19

Take the drive. When you get to Phoenix, jam downtown in a sea of flesh to commemorate the man who walked this country and kept his dream. The only way Gov. Mecham could get the public's attention was to start the ax on the holiday—Arizonans will gather in force and numbers to tell him "no." Held at the State Capitol.

Apple Power Jan. 20-Feb. 17

Love your Fat Mac—a how-to class on publishing your own newsletter/paper/magazine. Sponsored by Pima College. Cross Jr. High, 1000 W. Chapala Drive. For info., 884-6720.

Alps Fever Jan. 21

A round-trip ticket to Austria is very expensive—learn the country's cultural bent before you blow your life savings. Mildred and Ed Garretson take you on a visual trip, free, at 1:30 p.m. Woods Library. 3455 N. First Ave. 791-4548.

Tell Off the Feds Jan. 21

This is a heavy one. U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service holds a public meeting on the Buenos Aires National Wildlife Refuge master plan. You can prepare for

this political debate by reading the draft plan at the UA undergraduate library and the Tucson Public Library. The public (yes, that means you) can submit written comments on the plan at the meeting or within 30 days following the meeting. A chance to get your two cents in. 7:30 p.m., T.C.C.

Green Valley Poetry Jan. 22-Feb. 12

"America: A Reading." Gretchen Ronnow leads a discussion on some of America's modern power poets—Robert Frost, Wallace Stevens, William Carlos Williams, the words you learned in college and forgot. Better than Cliffs Notes. 2 p.m. Thursdays, Green Valley Library. Call Rolly Kent for information. 791-4131.

One And One Makes.... Jan. 24

The fourth in a series of courses to get you emotionally fit to handle the fire and fizzle of relationships. Maxine Ijams will explain why good people are often cruel to their loved ones. Sound familiar? 9 a.m.-4 p.m. Fee. Call 326-7628 to register.

Sour Fruits Jan. 26

Is your backyard crawling with sour citrus? Sandal English, food columnist and author, demonstrates the art of turning tart to sweet. 7 p.m.-9 p.m., Tucson Botanical Gardens, 2150 N. Alvernon. 326-9255.

Get Real Jan. 27

They make you crazy, you don't understand them, they don't understand you. Straight talk from a pioneer, Dr. Gisela Konopka, in understanding and working with adolescents. Dr. Konopka founded the Center For Youth Development and Research at the University of Minnesota. Open to anyone who has an interest in the awkward and turbulent times of youth. \$15 registration fee. Junior League Building at River and Campbell. Call Bill Lofquist, 297-1056.

Faculty Community Lecture Series Feb. 3

Adele M. Barker, a professor of Russian and Slavic languages at UA, is going to tell us what it's like to write for Big Brother. The talk is called "Creativity and Censorship in the Soviet Union Today" and maybe we'll all find out how great writing persists

in the land of the Gulag. She knows how the writers in the Soviet Union (from the '50s 'til present) manage to elude the censors. 7:30 p.m. in the UA Health Sciences Center Main Auditorium, Room 2600. 621-1856.



A Wild Night In Bisbee Jan. 2, 3

A musical variety show by Theatre in The Gulch with a New Year's theme, cabaret style. Ring in '87 down at the Bisbee Grand, 61 Main St. Showtimes are 8 p.m. and 9 p.m. Tickets are \$5. 1-432-4509.

Gaslight Theatre Jan. 8-March 7

The theater that turns drama to comedy is taking a swing at the man in the

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S.P.A.T.S

Go get Ed at the gas station, he's never been in one of our plays.

by Charlotte Lowe

"I am somewhat like the Queen of England," admits Darrell Klesch. "I'm President for Life with no real power, but they won't let me quit." Klesch, a stone mason by trade, is long and gangly with bony wrists and a face that has endured thirty-seven years of hard weather. He's a smiler with trusting blue eyes and a spikey mat of blond hair. If he were a hound, his tail would be thumping; a big, yellow, thumping tail signaling ready to go. He swills down the dregs of his beer and announces it's time to be moving. Bending deep, he takes his leave from a table of friends who are belted into their chairs for a long night at Mother Cody's Cafe in Oracle. Time for the President to head out and show off the turf that will be his for life: S.P.A.T.S, a band of twenty amateur actors and directors, the personnel changing from time to time.

Nothing is so dark and still as a Saturday night in Oracle, Arizona. Klesch stands outside, fists jammed in his pockets against the new fall cold, and sputters directions: "Drive down towards the dump but go right at the fork to where the lumberyard used to be." We get there and it's like walking on the moon. All you hear is your car door slam and your lungs wheeze in and out. A string of cars and a rectangle of light mark our goal. Klesch leads on to a scraggly line streaming into a wooden barn and reminds everyone to give cans of food to the ticket ladies. A can of mushroom soup for the Food Bank knocks a buck off the five dollar charge. Some pretty girls dressed to the nines laugh and poke at Klesch as he passes. He allows, a little sheepishly, that it's because he didn't pay.

Inside, the S.P.A.T.S (San Pedro Actor's Troupe), brainchild of Klesch, revs up. This is a true community theater that was founded by him eight years ago. It was a breech birth: the initials for the acronym came first and then the name was fabricated to spell them out. "We were all like brothers and sisters, you see," he explains, "always spattin'." Klesch was made President for Life, a S.P.A.T.S member reports, "because it made things easier, no elections and stuff."

In the building of the ex-lumberyard, a boxcar-like structure housing a dressing room, small bar, drafty bathroom and curtainless stage, there are very few good seats left. One of them is reserved for someone's absent mother and never released all evening even though she never shows up. About two hundred people mill around a hundred folding chairs and swarm back and forth into the bar. There, a local artist and his buddy, a foreman from San Manuel, pour shots and jackets come off as the big room warms with bodies and booze.

Klesch finds a single seat up front. Even though he had objections to this particular play, he doesn't mind seeing it again. He seems to favor melodramas of the "Deadwood Dick" style.

"It all started when some of us were students at Central Arizona College," he explains, "and we



Tommy Thompson, Kathy Johnson, Bill Johnson from "God's Favorites" did Western melodramas as a project."

The plays caught on and ever since S.P.A.T.S has been the rage of the tri-community area. Oracle, San Manuel and Mammoth turn out two or three times a year, piling kids into their cars and pickups and driving through the silent, empty nights to the only show in town.

After a couple of years, the melodramas gave way to bigger productions that dabbled in sophistication. S.P.A.T.S chalked up hit after hit with nine-night runs of urbane wit by Neil Simon and the arch drawing room antics of Agatha Christie. S.P.A.T.S used to pick the play titles out of a big sombrero, but now they just argue. There are different camps: the purists bucking for a ten-year anniversary revival of "Deadwood Dick" two years ahead of time; the classicists, who figure among S.P.A.T.S' finest hours the productions of "You Can't Take It With You," "Harvey" and "Arsenic and Old Lace"; the wags who like "Dracula"; and the finally the vanguard who want the black turtleneck humor of Pinter and Woody Allen. The deal is simple: if you suggest a play you have to find a willing party to produce and direct it.

This night, many people in the audience agree with Klesch that "Best of Friends," a comedy dinner theater sort of farce, is not their favorite play. Too much repartee and not enough throwing of pies. But director Cinnamon Schiek liked it and was willing to get the show on the boards. The energetic secretary for a local mental health clinic has been directing S.P.A.T.S plays for six years because "it feels a lot more creative than typing a graph." The actors of Oracle are a mixed bag, a psychiatrist, an electrician, teachers, a

maintenance man, an accupuncturist, a cabinet maker, a lawyer, a couple of conceptual artists and just about everyone else in town. In Oracle the streets are laden with stars. There are celebrities in the library and the post office and wandering the aisles in the local supermarket. They're not necessarily great actors but they have great audiences.

One time, the story goes, someone left a major hole in a play and the role had to be filled pronto. The visiting director, brought in from the faraway metropolis of Tucson, recalls that someone suggested they "get Ed down at the gas station. He's never been in one of our plays."

"Best of Friends" is heading for the home stretch now. The actors are on a roll and the bar was busy during intermission. All the jokes get a laugh—even before the punch line arrives. A boy, maybe fourteen, holds his sides through his denim and sheepskin jacket, choking with laughter. The audience, young, old, with a large herd in the thirties, is having a hell of a time. Later, Cinnamon Schiek will climb on stage to accept a plant in lieu of roses to celebrate her current smash.

The good time for both audience and actors will continue into the night. They'll drink beer and eat whole-wheat pizza, they'll get out the tape decks and dance. Everyone will drink a lot and clap each other on the back, tell wonderful lies, and remember loudly their own grand hour on the boards.

"We feel like we have a wealth of talent here," Darrell Klesch states. "We've never had a failure."

How could they? □

WHERE TO HOWL



furry cap, Daniel Boone and The Foggy Mountain Feud. Nothing heavy, but always fun. 7000 E. Tanque Verde Rd. 886-9428.

Arizona Theatre Company Jan. 3-25

Continues its American Dream series with "The Marriage of Bette and Boo" by Christopher Durang—a skillful hatchet job on the basics of marriage, family and the church. Helter-skelter mixed with slivers of humor about bad news relationships. Little Theater, T.C.C. 622-2823.

The New Arizona Opera Jan. 8, 10

Puccini's "La Boheme": Three young men live in an attic in Paris. They don't have much money and don't care because they like their boho life of drinking and partying. Try this out. Rudolfo gets involved with Mimi, his neighbor. They get together then break up. Mimi's friend finds Rudolfo to let him know Mimi is deathly ill. Rudolfo goes

running to Mimi. We're not telling how it ends. Find out at 8 p.m. Where TV soaps stole their ideas. Individual tickets at T.C.C. and Dillard's. Series tickets, call 293-4336.

How the West Was Won Opening Jan. 10

Flash back to the good 'ol days when drinking was done by the barrel, the dress colorful and the voices strong in this musical revue staged by Old Tucson. John Wayne's legend began with this stuff. 883-0100.

The Hills Are Alive...

Jan. 11, 12, The Tucson Symphony brass quintet in a foot-stomping performance of "The Maple Leaf Rag" by Joplin, "Harmonius Blacksmith" by Handel, and "Lincolnshire Posey" by Granger. 3 p.m. Jan. 11 at Green Valley Presbyterian Church, 2800 S. Camino del Sol. The same concert will be in Tucson on Jan. 12, 8 p.m. at St. Philip's in The Hills, Campbell and River. 882-8585.

Show Boat Jan. 15-25

SALOC offers up this love

story based on a river boat during the turn of the century in the deep South. It goes like this: the captain's daughter and an ordinary seaman have a passionate love affair. They sing their way through having a child, splitting up and getting back together. A good place to see what Southern belles were wearing in the late 1800s—maybe next year's trend. Music by Jerome Kern. East 323-7888; West 884-1212.

Gone With The Grand Opening Jan. 16-17

Bisbee Theatre in The Gulch presents a trashy, sleazy and original performance—"Gone With The Grand," or "As The Belle Peals," a parody of soap operas. Two shows a night at the Grand, 61 Main St. Tickets \$5. 1-432-4509. Also, the weekends of the 23-24th and 30-31st.

Orchestral Maneuvers Jan. 16, 18

The Tucson Symphony's chamber orchestra performs big music by three powder wigs—Vivaldi, Mozart, and Haydn. Sounds to inspire metaphysical thought. UA Crowder Hall on the 16th. 621-3065. Green Valley

Green Room, audio magicians will teach you about component systems and demonstrate compact discs—your chance to understand the electronic wonders you bought but haven't figured out. T.C.C. 882-8585.

Lady Day! Jan. 23-31

The only black theater company in Tucson, Ododo, rips musical magic in a tribute to Billie Holiday. In conjunction with Gilbert & Sullivan Dinner Theater. Non-smoking section. Plaza Hotel—Speedway and Campbell. 293-1008.

Night Moves Jan. 24, 31,

An evening of improvisational dance by ORTS—in groups, solos, maybe some audience interaction. This one is anybody's guess—but think "raw." Get there early for a good seat. 8 p.m. 260 E. Congress. 628-7212.

"How I Got That Story" Jan. 28-Feb. 15

The Invisible Theatre presents "How I Got That Story" by Amlin Gray. Set in Am-bo Land, a euphemism for Vietnam,

this two-actor, multi-media play is seen through the eyes of an idealistic young reporter who chronicles the panic of war. Twenty-one characters emerge from one actor—ranging from a female Madame Nhu dictator-type to a smart talking G.I. This play won an Obie Award, and premiered at the Milwaukee Repertory Theatre. 8 p.m. 1400 N. First Ave. 882-9721.

All That Jazz Jan. 30

Fifty albums later, Ramsey Lewis goes solo on the keyboard in a gentleman jazz concert after years of backing Nancy Wilson and playing in trios. 8 p.m. UA Centennial Hall. Tickets at box office and Dillard's. \$13, \$11, \$9. 621-3341.

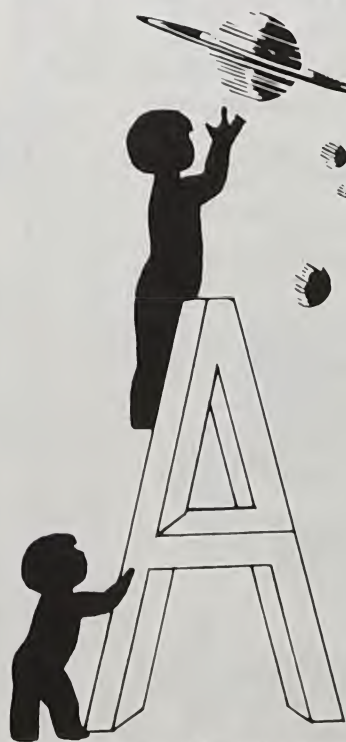
Film Scores Jan. 30, 31

Blast off to the space-age sounds of "Star Wars," "Raiders" and other film scores when the Tucson Symphony begins its pop music series. The spotlight is on musical trend-setter John Williams, mastermind behind Hollywood's orgy of orchestral jive. 8 p.m. Adm. charge. T.C.C. 882-8585.

WATCH FOR THE OPENING



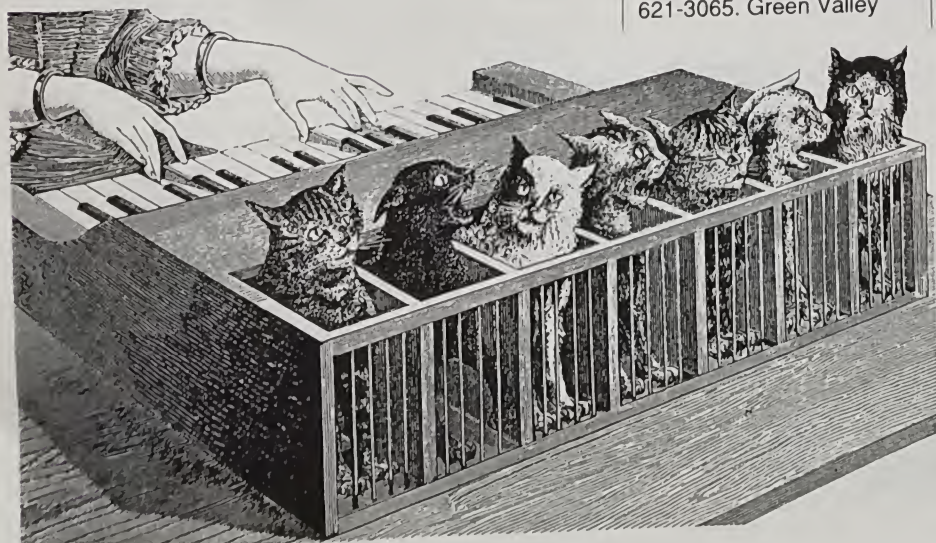
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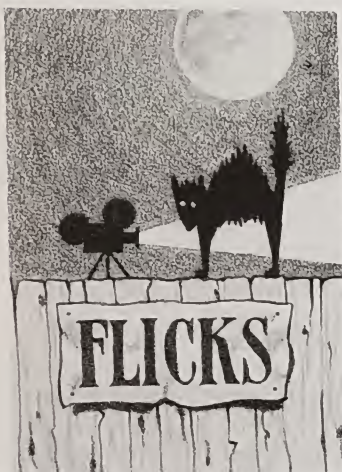
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Renaissance Quartet

Jan. 31
One of the world's leading male vocal groups, the Hilliard Ensemble, performs Medieval and Renaissance part songs. They tour the U.S. and Europe regularly and have recorded extensively on EMI and Harmonia Mundi labels. The Arizona Early Music Society worked hard to get them here. 8 p.m. UA Crowder Hall. 621-3065.

The Comedy Zone

If you're tired of laugh tracks, comic relief is alive and standing up. The circuit stops here every Friday and Saturday; two shows, at 8:30 and 10 p.m. These human laugh machines come from all over the country to make you happy. Cafe Napoli, 1060 N. Craycroft. 74-JOKES.



Liz...Always a Survivor

Jan. 19, 20
"Giant", that really long classic with three screen legends—macho Rock Hudson, James "No Seat Belt" Dean and Liz "Marry Me" Taylor, an epic of love, disaster, oil, money and more disaster. UA

Modern Languages Auditorium. \$1.75; students \$1.25; children 50¢. 6 p.m. Jan. 19, 7:30 p.m. on the 20th.

Remember The Fatherland

Jan. 22
Experimental silent film in German, with subtitles, based on "Faust" versions of medieval folk tales—which doesn't give you a clue to what it's about. Be a rebel for 92 minutes, at no cost. 7:30 p.m., UA Modern Language Auditorium.

Rebel Without A Cause

Jan. 26, 27
Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, James Dean rock the screen in the original '50s misunderstood youth film. Serious mumble, hungry eyes, and cars with real engines. Don't miss. UA Modern Languages Auditorium. \$1.75; students \$1.25; children 50¢. 5:30 p.m. and 8:30 p.m., Jan. 26; 7:30 p.m. on the 27th



Bring Binoculars

Jan. 17
It's a long haul, but worth it—200 mile round-trip to



Diminutive Annie Ahumada, of the Sheraton El Conquistador Housekeeping Team, pulls into the lead during the recent 1986 Hotel Olympics Dustmop Slalom. Ahumada and her teammates swept three of the five events: Waiters Race, Bedmaking, and the Dustmop Slalom. There were seven Tucson hotels entered in the annual competition. Loew's Ventana Canyon took the other two events: Bussing and Ice Carving.

the Lehner ranch; listen to birds talk; visit the bones and ghosts of mammoths, ground sloths and tapirs. Mammoths? Think elephant with a good fur coat. Ground sloth? Bigger than a breadbox and moving on valium. Two lakes for birdwatching, easy walking, bring binocs, lunch, water, cameras. Meet at Audubon Nature Shop, 34 N. Tucson Blvd. at 8 a.m. for carpooling. 888-3852.

Inside Sabino

Jan. 19

Forget the tram this time and hike it. This monthly tour of the canyon is sponsored by the U.S. Forest Service and is open to everyone. Starts at 8 a.m. 749-9808 (mornings).

Telescopic Adventure

Jan. 24
Spend a day in Willcox and Suphur Springs Valley scouting waterfowl, raptors, and sparrows. The perfect field trip if you're out of shape—no rough hiking but carpooling is essential. Bring your telescope and lots of food.

Meet at the Tucson Audubon Society at 7 a.m. for carpooling or at the Twin Lakes Golf Course in Willcox at 8:30 a.m. 749-9805.



Art Network Through January

Shirley Cannon's mixed-media exhibit includes installation pieces (fancy name for something that stands alone), canvas oil paintings and other art surprises. Corner of Hotel Congress. Tues.-Fri. 11-5; Sat. 12-5. 624-7005.

Azimuth Gallery

Through Jan. 21
A new gallery has opened in the "arts district," and shows modern work focused on the Southwest. Lee Lowry exhibits all sizes of clay vessels, and Deborah McMillon shows b&w hand-painted etchings. 210 E. Congress. Mon.-Sat. 10-6. 624-7089.

Dinnerware Gallery

Jan. 6-Feb. 1
Linda Rosenfield's mixed media print—using photographs, a Xerox machine and watercolor paper, then drawing on top of it—and cyanotypes, a

photographic blueprint process on paper. Greg Benson shows recent self-portraits in acrylic and gouache on paper, and large acrylics on canvas paintings. Small gallery: a member show of recent work. That's a lot to take in, folks. Reception Jan. 17, 7-9 p.m. On the 18th, Greg Benson will be showing a video, "The Artist in His Studio," by William Beaver at 2 p.m. On the 24th, the Valley Fever Poets (yes, that's their name) will read. 274 E. Congress. Tues.-Sat. 12-4. Sun. 1-4. 792-4503.

El Presidio Gallery

Jan. 17
Charles Pabst, Arizona oil painter, exhibits recent scenes from our national parks, canyons and mountains. Reception on Jan. 17, 5-8 p.m. and Jan. 18, 2-4 p.m. 182 and 201 N. Court Avenue. Mon.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-4. 884-7379.

Etherton Gallery

Jan. 14-Feb. 28
Holly Roberts of Zuni, New Mexico—b&w photographs mounted on canvas and then painted, and regular b&w images handpainted. Her work is beautiful. Reception is Jan. 17, 6:30-9:30 p.m. 424 East 6th St. Wed.-Sat. 12-5. Thurs. 'til 7. 624-7370.

Mercy Gallery

Jan. 4-Jan. 29
Bonnie West and Edie Michaelson each exhibit twenty watercolor paintings. St. Philip's in The Hills Gallery. River and Campbell. 299-7640.

Beth O'Donnel Gallery, Ltd.

Through Feb. 14
Barbara Smith's work in watercolor, acrylic and mixed media with a focus on the shapes, colors and rhythms of nature. Lots of hearts and flowers. St. Philip's Plaza. River and Campbell, Suite 64. Tues.-Sat. 11-6. 299-6998.

Old Town Gallery of Contemporary Art

Jan. 17-Jan. 31
Jon Lightfoot's contemporary, Southwestern expressionistic (call it the opposite of realism) works in oils and pastels. Reception Jan. 17, 5-8 p.m. and Jan. 18, 2-4 p.m. 240 N. Court Ave. Tues.-Sat. 10-5. 884-7379.

Obsidian Gallery

Through Jan. 28
Bill Berchou, Esmeralda Delaney, Tom Hatton, Emily Carpenter Long and Doug Schuneman all exhibit work revolving around a fantasy

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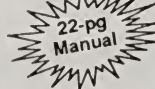
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Ballet Arizona

theme—jewelry, sculpture and ceramics highlight the show. St. Philips Plaza, River and Campbell. Suite 90. Mon.-Sat. 10-5:30. 577-3598.

Pima College
Jan. 26-Feb. 20
Michael Lee presents model plaster, Dean Narcho shows large canvasses exploring color and John Rhodes exhibits wooden sculpture. None of which tells you what this is about—you'll just have to venture west of the interstate to see it. Reception Jan. 27, 3:30-5:30. West Campus, 2202 W. Anklam Rd. Mon.-Thurs. 9-5, Fri. 9-4. 884-6973.

Progressive Designs
Displaying the contemporary paintings of local artists Dean Hansford, Lisa Sheldon, Christopher Andrews. Hand-made paper-mache animals by Sermel of Tonalá, Jalisco. 2525 N. Campbell. Mon.-Sat. 10:30-5:30 p.m. 323-7652.

Rivas Bahti Gallery
Jan. 16-Feb. 7
R.C. Allen, former Tucsonan who moved Back East, is in the Baked Apple exhibiting collages involving commercial illustration, reproductions and leaves. Reception Jan. 16, 5:30-9:30 p.m. 450 W. Paseo Redondo (2 blks. west of TMA). 9:30-5:30, Mon-Sat. 628-7029.

Tucson Art Institute
Through Jan. 26
The annual members show presents brand new art and promises to be one of the

better shows in town. Work wasn't submitted until the last minute so they're throwing caution to the wind. 1157 S. Swan. 748-1173.

Tucson Museum of Art
Through Jan. 11
The George Sturman Collection: paintings and drawings by heavy hitters of the art world—Dali, de Kooning, Balthus, Hockney and Miro. Last chance to see the goods that sell for more money than most will make in a lifetime. If you're having a visual overload attack, stop in to see the auxilliary exhibit, "The Art of The Comic Strip," also from the Sturman Collection. 140 N. Main Ave. 624-2333.

Through March 15
"The Stonewall Foundation Series" by Tucsonan Lynn Taber-Borcherdt; medieval technique of gold leafing with alkyd paints to create fairy tale themes.

Jan. 24-Mar. 15
Over 100 pieces of folk art between the Revolution and World War I includes textiles, needle work, painting and sculpture. If you can't see the show, they've put out a book of the exhibit by Hudson Hills Press. Part of a 4- museum tour sponsored by the IBM Corporation.

Jan. 24-Mar. 15
Tucson's transplanted New Yorkers, Erni and Rose Cabat, are taking over the Upper Gallery and will have a retrospective of their careers—paintings and ceramics by art's dynamic duo.

UA Center For Creative Photography
Jan. 25-Feb. 24
Kenneth Shorr, faculty member of UA art department, exhibits painting, photography and mixed media. Preview reception Jan. 23, 4-6 p.m. 843 E. University.

Through Jan. 22
Edward Weston's photography—a first-ever showing of his color work that was done to try out Kodak color film in the '40s. Mostly landscapes. It doesn't compare to his b&w work, but worth a look.

UA Hall Of Fame Gallery
Jan. 13-Feb. 7
Barbara Zusman shows b&w hand painted and color photographs. Her life was on hold for some years because of a fire that destroyed most of her work, but she's back and her work is guaranteed funny. UA Student Union. Regular building hours. 621-3546.

UA Union Gallery
Jan. 15-Feb. 4
Daryl Childs, Gayle Fictinger, Imo Baird, and Ned Ned in a show that draws on all media—paintings, drawings, sculpture and, yep, that '80s rage, performance art. Everyone knows about it and no one can rightfully describe it. Main Floor. Mon.-Fri. 10-4.

Jan. 9-Feb. 17
It's a well-kept secret that the UA has one of the best art collections in the

country. They're coming out of the closet in this portrait show that includes paintings, drawings, prints and sculpture by the big guys—Matisse, Bacon, Dali and others.

UA Museum of Art
Jan. 9-Feb. 3
Fun feast for your eyes—International Invitation Poster Exhibition. A global tour of 160 recent art posters. This is the stuff that Peter Max got rich on and started a generation on a whole new occupation—album covers. A show to see and not have to think about. Speedway and Olive. 621-7567.

Sun. 11-3. 621-3546.

Unity Gallery
Jan. 2-Jan. 29
Frances Johnson shows inspirational/meditational photography—the stuff Hallmark cards are made of. 3617 N. Camino Blanco. 577-3300.



Plaza Hotel, 1900 E. Speedway. Where visiting firemen at the University stay and drink. The bar has soft chairs, a television the size of a billboard, dark walls with a purple cast and happy hour from 4-7. When the UA has a big game, the bar pops for ribs and baby hot dogs, and the room fills with people wearing red sweaters and grasping greasy bones. Generally quiet and a good place for those long, serious talks. Cocktail waitresses wear somebody's idea of tiny dresses worn by slave girls in ancient Rome.

The Paddock, 1632 S. Fourth Ave. A walk into the past, same fixtures, same customers for the last forty years. The only things new are the pool table and the TV set. The drinks are honest (just don't ask for anything fancy), the beer's cold, the prices are right. A great place to go before or after a night at the dog track. Don't dress up! Some of the regulars swear Lee Marvin drops in from time to time, parks at the end of the bar next to a large picture of a sitting nude who looks like Rhonda Fleming, and enjoys the scene.

El Molino Rojo, 4525 S. Park. Food-dining-cocktails. A good neighborhood crowd, don't overdress but wear shirt, pants and shoes. Disco music with a DJ who plays the top 40 tunes

Thursday through Sunday. Three pool tables away from the dance floor, with a second bar if you want to watch. The food is Mexican and well priced, the drinks substantial and you won't go broke before you feel them. Happy hours from 4-7 and the big screen in the corner packs 'em in.

Twin Peaks, 110 E. Grant. Okay, bikers come here and we're not talking about the guys who pedal. What they get is loud, live rock 'n' roll and the chance to meet ladies who like to wear Levis and Harley Davidson T-shirts. Be good now: the bar won't let you pack a gun. Leave your L.L. Bean gear at home—this joint gives casual a whole new twist.

Larry's Hideout, 3000 S. Mission. Another old-timer from the '50s and '60s that gets better with age. You won't find it advertised in the yellow pages but most folks know where it is. If you're looking for fancy, stay away; it's country-western, Mexican style. Good weekend crowds, the music's loud and the drinks are strong, not the place for a romantic interlude or for a mellow fellow. Come prepared to have a good time. Levis, cowboy shirt and your good boots if you want to blend in.

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WHERE TO HOWL

Radisson Suite Hotel, 6555 E. Speedway. Tucked away in this businessman's bailiwick is a quiet cafe bar with real marble on the counter. Not cheap, but not noisy either. You can sit outside when the nights are warm and sip wine near the pool. Best wear something nice. The help is friendly. Overheard: a slightly soused patron in a blue blazer asked, "Is your pool heated?" Yes, came the reply. He steadied himself and said, "You've helped me quite a bit." And then left. Sort of made the night.

The Santa Fe, 7130 S. Nogales Highway. Don't let the name fool you, this is a nice place. Caters to the Hughes, Gates Learjet set during the day, lots of suits and ties. Nights and weekends it takes on a Latin personality. Don't laugh if you see the guys dancing in their straw cowboy hats. Casual conversation is out, the music is live, loud and Norteno (corridos and rancheras). Talk to your lady in Braille, don't leave her unattended.

Jeff's Pub, 112 S. Camino Seco. Where IBMers drink after building itty bitty machines. Great burgers and onion rings—we're talking serious grease. Big-screen TV staring down crazed sports fans who still cheer out loud. The basic drink is a big pitcher of beer. Setting aside the IBM dark suits, the dress is

jeans. Brown booths made of wood, not terribly comfortable, but real. Service ultra-friendly, prices moderate.

The Navarrone, Park and I-10. Shirt-open-to-the-sternum atmosphere and soft music piped in, a good hustle spot for the after-five crowd. A comfortable blend of professional and semi-professional types unwinding or getting wound up for a big night. No pool tables or pinball, but there's a great Goya-type nude on the wall. Coffee shop opens for breakfast at five, closes at eleven.

Sky Villa, 4581 S. 12th Avenue. A scene from "Miami Vice," so be sure to bring along an extra clip. You can gauge the mood of the crowd by the number of squad cars out front. The music is Cuban/Mexican/Puerto Rican and loud. The catering truck outside sells the best tacitos hueritos in town (shaved or shredded meat served on a warm tortilla with a sauce that's licensed to kill). Not for the faint-hearted or slow of foot.

The Flying V, Loew's Ventana Canyon Resort. Lots of wood, plenty of plants—kind of like combining the Pacific Northwest with a jungle. Clientele slightly more denim clad than the group at La Paloma's Cactus Club. The dance floor is small and crowded and

you get to rub up against strangers. Playlist disco music, spinning lights—this is how the sixties end, not with a bang but a resort. Sometimes a line to get in. Have fun, every one here does. Admission charge.

The Lazy-V, 2812 W. Alvaro. West on Drexel to Cardinal then left on Alvaro and good luck. In the heart of what was once called "Dogpatch," you get a good feeling as soon as you walk in. "Good friends meet here," the sign says. Long bar, plenty of elbow room, live country western music on Friday and Saturday. Warning signs on the wall: "No spurs on dance floor. Unattended children will be towed away." Boss-man is retired cop from New York with charm and accent to match. May be the only place in town to watch a euchre game on any given afternoon. If you don't know euchre, you'll never miss it.

Ramada—Downtown, 404 N. Freeway. Just behind the Chamber of Commerce building at Granada and St. Mary's Road. The bar keeps going through rehabs and currently is a comfortable room studded with TVs blaring MTV. Scan the crowd for people in the movies—a lot of folks working a spell at Old Tucson stay here. The burgundy is always chilled, not room temperature, but no one is perfect. Some of the couches are fine for

long conversations. Secret: fantastic free snacks at cocktail time.

Casita De Paja, 4696 S. 12th Avenue. Used to be Alfredo's. Recently remodeled, the bar is small, the dance floor not much bigger, ample seating but it fills up in a hurry. Live music on weekends, Mexican and some top-40. Mostly high-class wash and wear crowd. Good menudo after hours. A favorite for the ladies and those on the prowl.

Al Smith's Pub, 6010 N. Oracle. The hardest thing about Al's is finding it tucked away in the bowels of Casa Blanca Plaza. Darts, tables, friendly bar and The Titan Valley Warriors, Tucson's jewel of a bluegrass band. These guys have rockets blasting from their baseball caps. Place clogged with fans on the nights they play. Save the trip back to West Virginia, come in here, have a cool one, and listen to the Warriors. Decent food, too.

Airport Inn, 2303 E. Valencia. Better known as the API. Lunchtime it's IBM and airport workers with Levis and T-shirt crowd thrown in. Eight different beers on tap, great hamburgers and gyros on pita bread. Almost impossible to find a seat for Friday lunch; if you don't come early you might have to sit on the cigarette machine. Afternoon and evenings, it's the kind of

place where people meet and decide where to go. Plenty of pool tables and games, large TV and smaller sets scattered about. A must place for the bar-hopper.

Milo Murdock's, 5112 S. Nogales Highway. Drinking-dancing emporium. Quaint it ain't, but it has a certain charm. The beer is cold, the music is loud, ladies' night on Wednesday fills up the joint. The DJ who plays on weekends was sweeping up the place in the morning. A working man's bar.

T.G.I. Fridays, 4901 E. Broadway. A lot of black and white and a menu that is longer than "Hollywood Wives." Horseshoe bar, tables and at night happy hour means singles' frenzy. If you like to meet strangers with money, maybe this is the place. Suits, dresses, alligator shoes—dress nice, this is a fashion bar. Great burgers, lots of salads. Everybody is friendly, self confident and why not?

The Buggy Wheel, 3156 E. Drexel. A nice neighborhood place catering to the snowbirds and working folks. Live music on weekends and free country dance lessons. Friendly is the key word here. Service is good, the restrooms clean, the prophylactic machines full and the mirrors not broken.



Our reviewers:
Desert Rat, Country, Back East, Cholesterol Kid.

Silver Saddle Steak House I-10 and Sixth Avenue Good meat, mesquite smoke, and a freeway location on the South Side. The salad bar is fine, the steaks, ribs and chicken grilled over coals before your eyes by campfire wiz Eddie Hernandez. And for once the rolls taste like something besides Wonderbread. For fish eaters, various surf and turf combos available at \$18.95. The bar was apparently put together by

a wood groupie—slabs of mesquite milled in Sonora interlaced with strips of bubinga (that's right, bubinga, an African hardwood). Tables lean toward willow with dabs of purpleheart, another Dark Continent favorite. The service is pleasant, the meat tasty and tender (steaks and prime rib \$9.95 to \$16.95), the chicken right at the top of the chart and the ribs worth the bother of getting your hands greasy. A nice crowd of people and bleary eyed warriors who have pulled off the Interstate. This one's a keeper. Lunch weekdays, dinner daily. MC, Visa, AE. Full bar. 622-6253. —D.R.

Micha's
2908 S. Fourth Avenue The only Mexican restaurant in the history of the planet to expand, get all gussied up and not go to hell. The place is famous for its soups (albondigas, cheese, chicken and rice, cocido, menudo) but makes a good stab at breakfast and dinner fare. The new building is much larger than before, and full of tile, stucco and big icons of Mexican culture. On Sunday morning mobs of Mexican families descend to get their menudo fix and smile on the world. You can see softball players getting fueled for a day on the diamond, or City Manager Joel Valdez huddled over his newspaper. A new bar with live entertainment has pushed Micha's into the night hours. Lunch on weekdays is often overrun by newspaper people—careful what you say. The menudo may be the best in town—we're still working on the final tally. Prices are moderate. Full bar. AE, Visa, M.C. Wheelchair access. 623-5307. —D.R.

The Bagelry
2575 N. Campbell I've been looking for a real bialy for ten years. I don't mean that puffy, onion-encrusted mound of dough which passed as one in this town for so long. One doesn't have to be a snob to sneer at such a travesty. Just think what the bialy bakers of bialsystok would say. Well, I found it, as that once ubiquitous bumper sticker said. Go to the Bagelry and try an authentic, delicious bialy with a smear of butter or a dollop of cream cheese and feel good again. While you're there, you'll find well-baked bagels at 6 a.m. They're the largest in town and come in all of the popular denominations (onion, garlic, pumpernickel, seeded



WHERE TO HOWL

plain, etc.). New York baseball fans don't receive special consideration, but they appreciate the decor which is N.Y. Mets modern. Surprisingly, it goes well with KUAT-FM music. The service is smiley and even waiting in line is quick. You could sit down and snack, but I prefer buying them by the dozen and rushing home. Plenty of flavored cream cheeses by the pound. This is a Back Easter's taste of home. Limited Access. Mon.-Sat. 6 a.m.-8 p.m. Sun. 7 a.m.-2 p.m. Cash or check only. 881-6674. —B.E.

Janos

150 N. Main

Somehow, Janos has managed to recreate the leisurely grace of El Presidio as it must have been more than a century ago and slide in upscale '80s flavors without treading on sensibilities. In fact, the result is elegance in a laid-back Tucson way. Set in a restored territorial from the 1850s on the Tucson Museum of Art grounds, diners overlook the museum terrace and can chew away in serenity without the normal reminders of what civilization has given the antacid industry. The food is creative and excellent and expensive. Lunch for two, without booze, ran \$35 with tip. Dinner may set you back twice that much. But the bread before the meal alone is worth the trip. The fare is continental, with Sonoran touches. For instance, the soup wasn't cream of something, it was chili and squash. They mix in mesquite-smoked bacon and salsa with the tortellini and poached oysters. They break out more veal, beef, lobster and oysters in delicious ways at dinner. At lunch, the grilled shrimp and smoked duckling on stir-fried bok choy not only tasted exquisite, the arrangement was almost too beautiful and color-coordinated to eat. Ditto for the braised spirals of chicken stuffed with prosciutto and Roquefort, served with bright pasta. The desserts are richer than the diners, and if you politely can't finish the outrageous chocolate-bourbon mousse, they send it home with you wrapped in a foil swan. Don't miss the bar, a Rory McCarthy creation. The waitresses hover, but don't take themselves too seriously. This is a place to be nice to yourself. A.E., M.C., Visa. 884-9426. —C.K.

Austin's

2920 E. Broadway

For thirty years, this Midwestern dairy bar has huddled off the roar of Broadway just west of Country Club. The menu is more dependable than the American dollar: if it's cream of potato soup it must be Wednesday. A long counter flanks the west side of the room and a maze of booths that would puzzle white mice fills up most of the rest. The fountain area sits in plain view for worship by ice cream devotees and Austin's makes it own—good stuff with flavors that change from time to time. This is not a fun-food zoo but a serious ice cream facility. The confections—go ahead, kill yourself and order the A-Mountain—could send Twiggy into a fat farm. Sandwiches here are advertised as over-stuffed and the folks don't lie. The chicken salad and tuna salad is as addictive as cocaine and the hamburger is the plain Jane version (patty, bun, onions, lettuce and tomato) that America favored before the corruption of California laid waste to everything true and holy. At noon you may have to wait, but at night (they go until 11 p.m.) it's a great place to feed, read and watch the crew ceaselessly polish all the stainless steel equipment. Service, by an apparently unlimited supply of well scrubbed young women, is pleasant. Nothing fancy and nothing bogus. Save the plane fare back to Wisconsin and just eat here. Take out. No credit cards, checks with personal guarantee card. 327-3892. —D.R.

Croissant Corner

15 E. Congress

If you work downtown, you've probably been here. If you haven't, it's a fun place to eat if you don't mind having your name screamed out when your order is ready. An old storefront converted to an eatery that's devoted to those in a hurry. The croissants are big, buttery and flaky and they're stuffed with a variety of deli combinations, ham, cheeses and turkey. They also serve a variety of stuffed baked potatoes, hearty salads and specials. The menu changes often. Stuffing food is trendy these days, and they make the most of it. Dessert croissants come in chocolate chip, fruit combinations and regular chocolate. Excellent rugaleh (fine pastry dough rolled in powdered sugar and stuffed with nuts and cinnamon). Not a real

comfortable place, but the solid wood tables and chairs let you know you're here for a meal and not to hang out. At lunchtime you are jammed cheek to jowl in line, but it's worth the wait and you might meet a stranger. Inexpensive. Wheelchair access. Cash or check only. Breakfast and lunch hours. 882-4461. —C.

Casa Molina

6225 E. Speedway

Since 1947, the mother ship of the Molina empire. Food a little pricey for Mexican grub in Tucson (dinners from \$7.85 to \$12), but very good. The chips may be the best in the city and the salsa weighs in as serious stuff (be brave and ask for the homemade chiltapin hot sauce). At night, very busy but the enormous building seems able to swallow people at will. It holds over 300 dedicated feeders. Red tile floors, solid wooden tables. Full bar for the thirsty. The patio is a jewel—no ferns but real mesquite posts holding up an honest-to-god ramada. Some argue—oh, this is dangerous ground—that the beans are the best in Tucson. The tostadas are about the size of truck wheels. A true bargain is Picadillo, a specialty of the house which makes for a full meal at \$4.80. A little noisy (you want tile, you get noise). T-bones, fried chicken and hamburgers for the faint of heart. AE, Visa, MC, DC, CB. 886-5468. —D.R.

BoBo's Restaurant

2938 E. Grant Rd.

Early risers (open at 5:30 a.m.) will appreciate having a mom & pop place to inhale breakfast. While the streets are still bearable to drive you can stumble into BoBo's with your eyes like slits and paper in hand. Solid breakfasts start with your basic eggs, toast and potatoes or you can venture into omelettes, biscuits, gravy, assorted pancakes and bagels. Something for everyone. Mom is busy shuffling the food around the grill, aromas of grease rise to the ceiling. It's as comfortable as sitting in your kitchen without having to do the work. The prices won't maim your pockets, you'll leave with your belly full and a smile on your face. American lunch basics of the childhood variety—BLT, grilled cheese, burgers and rotating specials are always available. Simple booth and tables; this place is easy on the eyes. If you become a regular, the gossip is ripe.

Wheelchair access. Open seven days to 3 p.m. Very inexpensive. Cash or check only. 326-6163. —C.

The Good Earth

6366 E. Broadway

One of the nicest places to sit down in town—plants, real wooden tables, comfortable booths, the whole Malibu beachhouse feel. The owner has serious madness in his eyes and the results are obvious in the restaurant's attention to detail. The menu—about the size of a small telephone book—offers a huge array of ways to prepare seafood, chicken, beef and eggs (more than 140 dishes). Vegetarians take note: this place has green crunchy things to eat. Tired of ham and eggs? Tackle the Wok Omelette (\$4.95), a big thing stuffed with stir fry vegies. Want a traditional hash house breakfast? Go for Joe's Original (\$4.45). The bakery up front floods the room with the smell of cookies. On Sunday

mornings full of people in jogging togs chowing down. Beer and wine. Check with guarantee card. Wheelchair access. 745-6600. —D.R.

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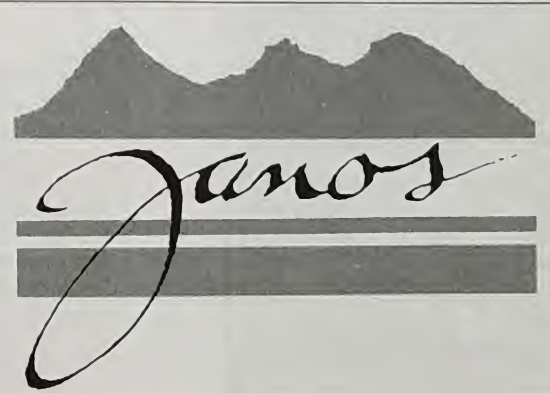
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9 GREAT FOOD REVIEWS
"I felt like I was in their home and not a restaurant"
—Charles Bowden, Tucson Citizen

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volumes of people eating on the run. This place is no exception, with its generous portions of generic Chinese cuisine served in a pleasant, no frills atmosphere. No dragons on these walls—instead a wall-to-wall mirror and comfortable booth and table seating. The brown carpet has a walked-on look. A basic lunch buffet is served daily for heavy eaters (main dish, spring rolls and rice) and it's a good bet for the starving, or you can order from a menu that runs from appetizers (foil wrapped chicken, pu-pu platters) to house specialties (Hundred Homing Birds) or get-back-to-basics—mo shu pork, garlic chicken. The menu is ample, service attentive and reasonably fast. We're talking serious amounts of food, and it arrived at the table steaming hot and dripping off the sides. You'll have leftovers for days. Lunch and dinner. Visa, MC. Wheelchair access. 326-

5174. —C.

Muriel's Cafe **424 N. 4th Ave.**

She moved out of the Cafe Ole and started her own place. A cross between a diner and a coffee-house with a backyard patio covered in green mosquito netting. Serving her famous scones, Muriel makes a different flavor every day—bitterscotch walnut, banana-chocolate chip and dozens more. Aside from typical healthy sandwiches that take you to sprout heaven—egg salad, avocado and cheese, and turkey—you'll find a great assortment of ordinary stuff that reminds you of a kid's lunchbox: bologna, liverwurst, salami. Specials are daily, from meatloaf with scalloped potatoes and salad to different casserole concoctions. Great desserts. The surroundings are green, the feeling of a comfortable flotation tank. The seating is basic, the

walls covered with rotating art and photography, even pastel Christmas lights hang near the entrance during the summer. Great for a lingering lunch or a fast food run. Anyone can afford to eat here. Limited access. Cash or check only. Breakfast 'til 11 a.m. 623-1224. —C.

El Minuto **354 S. Main**

For years the place you could count on to get good Mexican food at two or three in the morning and rub shoulders with bouncers, drunks and night people. Recently, California has struck at this sacred spot (new pastel walls, meaningless paintings of flowers and meadows—the whole catastrophe), but happily, they didn't tamper with the kitchen. Excellent menu, one of the city's best cheese crisps (a monstrous, ruffled creature) and fine renditions of your basic tostada, enchilada, burro fare. Packed at noon with downtown workers who make the forced march across the barrens of the Community Center. In the evening and on weekends, getting a seat is usually no problem. Those into self-therapy should consider a Sunday afternoon bowl of the house menudo and El Minuto's pervasive ocean of calm—perfect for wandering through the fat Sunday paper. The tables are no-nonsense formica and the proprietor's photo of himself with a slain mountain lion still broods over the cash register. The Wishing Shrine is across the parking lot, so bring all your unanswered prayers. Beer, wine and margaritas. Cash or check only. Limited Access. 882-4154. —D.R.

Nate's **4700 E. Broadway**

If you like N.Y. style deli, I mean with serious cravings for the stuff, then you'll find Nate's to be a very reasonable facsimile thereof. The corned beef and pastrami sandwiches, the soul of all self-respecting N.Y. delis, are hot and hefty. Pickles and sauerkraut greeted me as I began my nostalgic, gastronomic trip. If you have trouble making decisions, Nate's is of no assistance. There are forty sandwiches, so choosing is almost impossible. I wanted to order one of each. Soups, salads, salamis, and shrimp (we're not talking kosher here) are available. The fries are fine, but the cole slaw was too sweet for my taste. A few

caraway seeds would help. The dessert case starts with cheese cake and runs amok with raspberry truffle, chocolate mousse, etc. In other words, there's a caloric excess to suit every taste. So whether it's corned beef, kasha, kishka, cake, or cholesterol, you'll find it all here. Limited access. Moderate prices, meats, smoked fish and cheese available for take-out. Visa and MC. Open daily, 7 a.m.-9 p.m. and 'til 11 p.m. on Fri. and Sat. 881-1101. —B.E.

Country Kitchen **902 E. Broadway**

This was once a Sambo's, then it was abandoned for awhile with overgrown bushes shielding it from view. It's all cleaned up now and stands for familiar food. The ample menu moves easily through the basic food groups. One of the better breakfast places in town. The eggs come the way you ordered them, and the potatoes are crispy without an OD of grease. If the protein doesn't do it, there's plenty of sugar and starch in the waffles and pancakes to give you an early morning jolt. The coffee is decent but more typical of diner juice than a coffee house. At lunch and dinner they serve Greek salads, Italian platters, meat loaf, roast

beef and just about anything else you can think of. Big orange booths let you stretch out, with tables in back for larger parties. Nothing fancy here, but the service is motherly and reasonably fast. A blue-collar gathering place. Wheelchair access. Visa and MC. Seven days 5 a.m.-9 p.m. 882-7707. —C.

Blue Moon Cafe **1021 N. Wilmot**

An innovative husband-and-wife venture trending toward trendy, with first class twists (one of their Blue Plate Specials is "wheat loaf" but real chickens gave their livers to the pistachio pate). The food is not only grand, but interesting. A crisp salad and soup bar with homemade breads offers baby corn ears, cold curried vegetables, potato salad, as well as the standards. The menu dances from brie to pasta to Oriental and Mexican to tuna salad. Usually ordering cheese ravioli in a place that doesn't sound Italian is risky; here it is a blessing. Average meal is \$5. Smoking discouraged. Lunch daily, dinner Wed.-Sat. Closed Sundays. 790-0669. —C.K.

Delectables **533 N. Fourth Avenue**

An institution along the

avenue, this is one of the original fern bars in town that has managed to remain consistently good. Lunches come on wood boards and you can pick your own selection of meat and cheese or go with one of theirs. Excellent cheeses, havarti, brie, provolone, to name a few, and good deli meats include prosciutto, ham, salami, turkey and smoked fish. Croissant sandwiches, large salads with interesting greens, and thick, rich soups are always on hand and changing. Ample selection of wine and beer. The coffee is not for the faint hearted—lots of caffeine unless you opt for the brewed decaf (which still feels like a caffeine rush). The desserts are homemade and will appeal to any sweet tooth; cheesecake, chocolate concoctions and other rotating specials. Plenty of large plants flank rustic wooden tables and pastel artwork that adds to the look, but doesn't overwhelm. What happened to the hippies? They grew up and eat here. Gourmet coffees and a deli counter for items to take out. Wheelchair access. Visa and MC. Open 11 a.m.-11 p.m. Mon-Sat. 884-9289. —C.



Dan Pike

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Desert Notes

Our Town

A wide-spreading, wide-awake little city on a level subtropical plain that is encircled by granite mountains....

The amphitheater of Tucson is thoroughly satisfactory. The plain lies as level as a lake, and it is almost encircled by steep and rugged mountains of gray granite that seem to rise only just beyond the corporate limits.

—William T. Hornaday,
Camp-Fires On Desert And Lava,
1908.

Ferret Frenzy

Be proud: 3,000-4,000 ferrets call Tucson home. Smaller than a cat and hell on wheels if you leave a drawer open, ferrets seem to be the secret vice of this city. Tucson has a club, Ferret Friends, and a ferret hot line (887-5544) in case one of the rascals breaks curfew or gets too depressed. Yes, there is a ferret halfway house for real messed-up ferrets.

The city has hosted several ferret shows—and surprise! Phoenix has never had a single one. You say this town ain't got class? □



Ginny Childs

Immigration Reform: We've Been Guarding the Wrong Border

It happened during the Great Depression and it's happening again today. Whenever things get rough in the United States, we scare ourselves with the same old specters: black, brown or yellow people who want to steal our jobs, subvert our government, make us eat menudo or tofu. Even usually reasonable men like Edward Abbey jump on the hysterical bandwagon, muttering about how we have to seal our borders against the Southern Tide.

Before we turn that border over to self-appointed guardians such as the CMA, however, we need to stop and ask ourselves who the dangerous immigrants to Arizona really are. People from Sonora or El Salvador don't peddle real estate or build golf courses in the desert. People from Chicago, New Jersey and California do. If we are serious about protecting Arizona, then, we have to seize control of all our borders, especially those where the highway signs don't change from miles to kilometers. To

that end, I propose the following modest but comprehensive program of immigration reform.

Every summer, preferably in mid-July, the state of Arizona should set up immigrant camps in the desert outside Gila Bend. Every prospective Arizonan would be required to check in with the proper authorities, who would then lead the newcomers to their very own mesquite or ironwood tree where they would remain for the next seven days. Water and food would be provided. Trained medical personnel would be standing by at all times. Novice desert dwellers would not have to hike across Papagueria in tennis shoes as Mexicans and Central Americans do now. Instead, all they would have to do is sit, watch, listen. Count the scorpions. Enjoy the 120-degree sunshine they left Cleveland and Los Angeles to see.

Of course, additional measures may later become necessary to preserve our Arizonan way of life.

We may have to blow up the dams, dump sand down the wells, ban air-conditioning except in hospitals and bars (we're not inhumane), or turn jackalopes onto the golf courses. We may even have to repeal the 55-mile-per-hour speed limit and make it mandatory to drive at least an hour on the freeway between Phoenix and Tucson. For the moment, though, let's give the camps a try. They were good enough for the Japanese-Americans during World War II; they should be good enough for would-be golfers and real estate developers now.

If, after a day or two, our newcomers' brains start to sizzle or the rattlesnakes buzz too loudly, the unhappy campers would be free to leave and be courteously escorted to the border crossing of their choice. If, on the other hand, they survive a week in our desert wonderland, an official "I Love Gila Bend" identity card would be issued to them by Arizona's own Immigration and Naturalization Service. Every

Arizonan would be required to carry such a card at all times, but no one would be singled out by the Arizona INS on the basis of flesh tones or voice patterns. In such a way, our American values of equality and justice would be preserved.

You say such a program would be impossible to enforce? No more impossible than the system we have now. Just how hard do you think it would be for an experienced border patrolman from Yuma or Douglas to track little blue-haired ladies across the Painted Desert at night?

Besides, a week in the sun might give Arizona immigrants a chance to savor the pleasures of their new land: dry heat, poisonous insects, flash floods. It might also become a meditative experience, and perhaps a religious one as well. After all, Jesus wandered in the desert for forty days. And he didn't have plastic water bottles or a friendly nurse. □

—Tom Sheridan
Author of *Los Tucsonenses*.

DESERT NOTES

Tomorrow You May be in Utah

The other day I saw a ten-year-old black kid walking down Stone Avenue near Prince. He was wearing an electric blue T-shirt that said, "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you may be in Utah." A month ago, I wouldn't have noticed the shirt. Now it is instantly a comment on Gov. Evan Mecham and his crusade against the holiday for Martin Luther King.

King just barely brushed against my life. When I was a teen-ager in the early '60s, he came to town as the new symbol of the civil rights movement. He spoke at Catalina Methodist Church on Speedway and I sat in the balcony and listened to the deep voice from the only black face in an ocean of earnest white ones. When he gave the prayer, every head bowed—except his. That stuck in my mind. I don't know why.

In April 1968, I was sitting at the kitchen table in Wisconsin when the news of his murder in Memphis came over the radio. The windows of the kitchen were open—it was one of those spring nights that tease with the promise of summer, and outside

you could hear the earth yearning, the trees restless and hungry. By the next day I was in Memphis hauling a load of old clothes to some desperate black fieldhands in the Mississippi delta. I was intoxicated with notions of Beal Street, Sun Records and King Elvis. My hair was long and I had a beard. And Wisconsin plates.

I pulled up at a stop light and a person crossing the street saw my northern plates, walked over and spit in the car.

That's about all I personally know about Martin Luther King: that he did not bow his head, that he died, leading garbage men in a strike. And that he so reached into the sinews of this country that a person I had never met would walk up to my car in Tennessee and spit.

I don't know if that qualifies him for a national holiday. I do know that someone I remember so vividly twenty years later amounts to more than a political football. And I have a hunch Martin Luther King would not give a damn what our governors decide. □

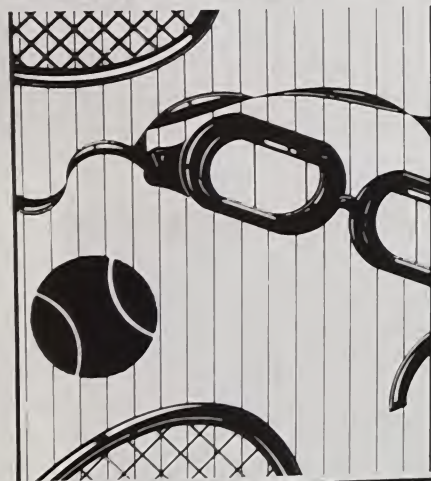
—Charles Bowden



Before Broadway and Wilmot were famous for carbon monoxide, self-respecting rattlesnakes were not ashamed to call the corner home. Years ago when the roads were graded, so many serpents were killed and hung from the branches that the palo verde was long known as, you guessed it, The Snake Tree.

Photo courtesy of the Arizona Historical Society.

New Year's Resolution?



- 34 LIGHTED TENNIS COURTS
- 12 INDOOR RACQUETBALL COURTS
- 75' JUNIOR OLYMPIC POOL
- SAUNA AND STEAM ROOM
- WEIGHT ROOM
- NAUTILUS CIRCUIT
- RESTAURANT AND BAR
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Let's Talk Sewers, Guys

Potted plants along the oak ledge by the tables, green philodendrum leaves, ornamental palms, two men talking loudly in an East Side restaurant.

"He's trying to suck you in, scam you," the young one says. "Don't give him a penny. He says he's got V. in his pocket, and if he doesn't he's gonna bury V. You got no sewer lines, you got nothing."

"Yeah," the old fat man says. "All the mistakes that were made in this city can be made again in the county. I bought for ten cents a foot. In a year I sold for twenty dollars a foot. But you got no sewer lines, you got nothing. The key is control the

zoning. We pay whatever it takes to keep an eye on zoning. I had to kill one guy to convince him. I went to the funeral in Florida, walked over to his brother, and his son jumps up in front of 500 people and says, 'You killed my father.'"

"A million for you, a half million for me...."

Southwest wind blowing across threads of palo verde leaves. Rock ripped walls and cement, one killdeer still calling by the sandy banks of Pantano Wash. □

—Drum Hadley,
Cochise County rancher and poet,
occasionally dines in Tucson
restaurants and listens.

The Light at the End of the Road Vote

The morning after: Geri Menton was waiting for her phone to ring; Jack Jewett had left town, according to his office. The mayor felt like he had been punching himself with needles, according to the papers. And there were all those signs to come down... "You know the truth. Vote yes today."

The day before, the residents of Tucson once again had ignored the orders of the developers, bankers and businessmen who spent an estimated \$600,000 trying to tell them "we can't afford to wait." Proposition One, a proposed half-cent sales tax increase to raise \$1.6 billion for roads, was run over by 14,000 votes and fourteen percentage points. Fifty-seven percent of the voters said no.

That meant the promoters blew about thirteen bucks for every vote they got. It was overkill. By calling such loud attention to the election, the money probably drew people who voted against it. One observation heard: "The voters probably said, 'These guys are spending a fortune. Why do they have to spend so much money to tell us their position is correct? Maybe we can afford to wait.'"

Geri Menton, who was one of the neighborhood leaders of the opposition—her side had a war chest of about \$30,000, or fifty cents a vote—said she hoped the politicians and developers finally got the message this time: "They are not going to bulldoze us." But sitting home with the flu the morning after her victory, she was confused. She thought the losers traditionally congratulated the winners. By mid-morning, she hadn't had a call.

State Rep. Reid Ewing, meanwhile, was becoming known in a way he'd like to be remembered. Not many months ago, his fellow legislators were trying to label him the official state fungus for daring to suggest they were influenced by lobbyists who financed their campaigns. But he keeps coming out on the right side of issues that catch the people's attention. Land swaps, campaign financing, and now his fight against the road tax.

Democratic State Rep. John Kromko, a neighborhood champion who teamed with Ewing in this effort, already had a call into Jewett, the Republican representative who chaired the committee promoting the tax. Kromko said Jewett had been a "class act" in defeat and wanted to meet and explore if there was a plan they both

could support.

There was talk on both sides that the pendulum in Tucson was swinging again. The old words like Astacrats and Eco-raiders and growth-limits came up. Some said it was up to Kromko and Ewing to come up with something now. Both were ready for the challenge. "After beating this—and we did beat this, no question—it would be almost criminal if we didn't come up with an alternative," said Ewing. "We're always in the role of nay-saying. We've got to move beyond that role."

Jack Jewett later surfaced. He said by telephone that he was "unavailable, hiding out." Then he got down to business. "My analysis? The public clearly was not ready to deal with this issue. It's just like in the legislature. There has got to be a crisis first. Only it's a tragedy when you're dealing with transportation, because you have to start earlier—before there is a crisis." But he said he would be available if people wanted his voice in an alternative.

The second-guessing was just getting started. The disappointed backers thought they had done it right this time. They had disassociated themselves from the Tucson 30 and Tucson Tomorrow, the usual icons of the evil Establishment; they had attempted to build consensus with neighborhoods and environmentalists by promising mitigation-buffers for the roads; they had unanimity among normally antagonistic politicians; they showed good faith by making public before the vote some of the names of the land speculators and bankers and builders and out-of-town interests that were bankrolling them. (Even the opponents got a chunk of money from out-of-state environmental activists.) What went wrong?

Well, for one thing, the backers never really convinced the neighborhoods and the major environmental groups that this was anything more than another ploy to build roads and move cars for developers sitting on virgin land outside of town. And no one likes taxes.

One gloating winner called a loser the morning after and bragged: "You give me a coalition like I had yesterday—the anti-tax vote and the tree-huggers—and I'll kick anybody's ass."

A quick look at the numbers said the defeat wasn't just the work of the Sabino Canyon neighborhood, which didn't want a freeway through the area, and Green Valley, which gain-

ed nothing from the deal except higher taxes. At most, that would be only 6,000 votes. The 14,000-vote margin meant people all over were angry. In fact, Proposition One lost in 247 of the county's 306 precincts.

So what else is new? Possibly the senior citizens went berserk and stomped the tax this time. But it was the fourth time in two years that Tucsonans had given a symbolic finger to the road schemes of government and business leaders, previously killing the Rillito-Pantano freeway along the river and the Speedway



Tunnel and passing the Neighborhood Protection Amendment—steered by Kromko—that requires voter approval of major road projects in the city.

Some on the losing side warned that Tucsonans would simmer in exhaust until they were desperate enough to accept the business point of view. One comment: "Look, I don't want this place to look like Phoenix, either. But you're talking Black Canyon Freeway now, concrete and asphalt. Mitigation? You're not gonna see it. There's no money for it."

But there was also talk of hope. What if we really addressed how this town should grow instead of first promoting sprawl with roads out to cheap land? What if we ignored outer loops, took the freeway out of Sabino Canyon, shelved Aviation Highway, and tackled the existing congestion in town with a combination of new pavement and mass transit? The mitigation ordinances are in place to keep Tucson from ever looking like Phoenix or Los Angeles.

Wanda Shattuck had already talked to both sides—to Menton and to Lawrence Hecker, an attorney who

had labored to develop a consensus in the Regional Transportation Plan that was, in effect, rejected when voters nixed the sales tax increase to finance it. Shattuck had led the coalition that beat the Rillito-Pantano, but she remained neutral on the tax-increase in return for concessions from government for buffers along the roads. She got both sides mad at her, but the morning after, she was emerging as the reasonable negotiator. She was talking about the necessity of planning how the city should be developed before the roads are drawn.

"This was a significant turning point for the community," she said. "We have an opportunity here to take the results of this election and decide how we want our town to look. Let's go back and do it right. Let's start with land-use planning, let's see what we already have in the ground, and then let's try to come up with something the public will support. We have this incredible natural environment...."

Kromko, an advocate of mass-transit, was more pragmatic. "We've got to act fast, or the freeways will be back. Tom Brown will be back in the saddle."

Burr-Brown founder Tom Brown, a staunch promoter of the Rillito-Pantano parkway, has become sort of a shorthand symbol on both sides for the old power-structure in Tucson on road matters. The group that backed this plan were younger politicians and leaders of the business and development communities, and emphasized their distance from the Old Guard. People figured if they failed to deliver, they'd be trashed. But the morning after, some of their opponents were still speaking kindly. "I'd still rather deal with the young turks than the old turks," said one. "The old turks haven't had a new idea since 1950."

Echoed Kromko: "Sure, some of the people on that side are trying to push something down our throats... but Jewett is willing to listen and so are some others. Maybe we never can deal with Mayor Murphy. But some of those people are beginning to think maybe they're out of step with the folks."

Added Ewing: "We all agree there is traffic congestion. I guess we also agree that neither side can go forward without the other. We have the ability to shoot down their tax, so they need us. But we don't have any official power, so we need them."

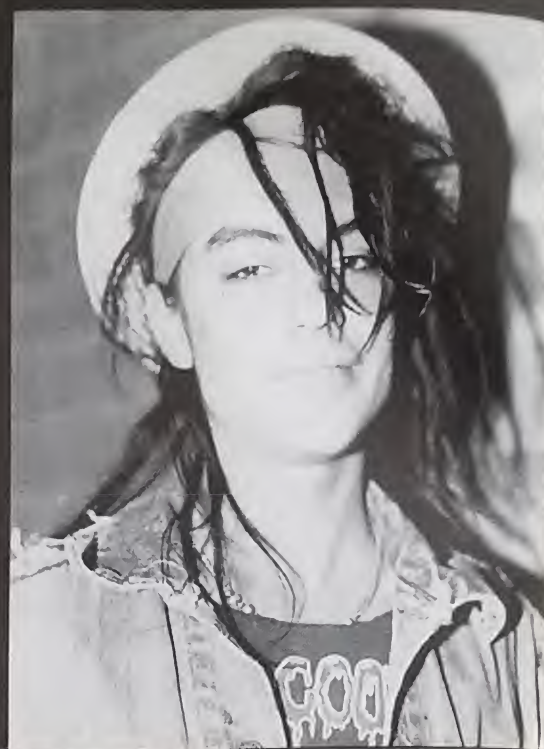
—Richard Vonier



mike, murray, trash



nina



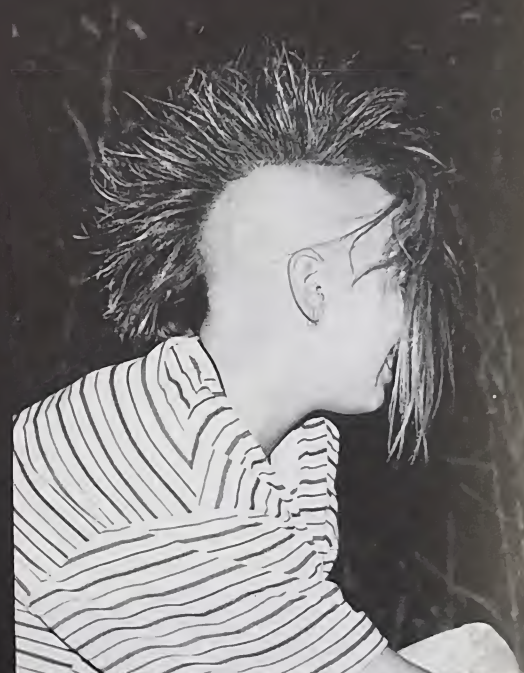
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O PINION ZERO

anthem for the '80s

written and photographed by laura greenberg

Betsy is punk. Her hair is wild, dyed blue-black. She wears a ring through her nose, a black leather motorcycle jacket and several tattoos. At seventeen, she lives with her boyfriend in a rundown house on Speedway where Tucson's punk teenagers converge, and talks idly about inventing a blue hair dye that won't fade on you.

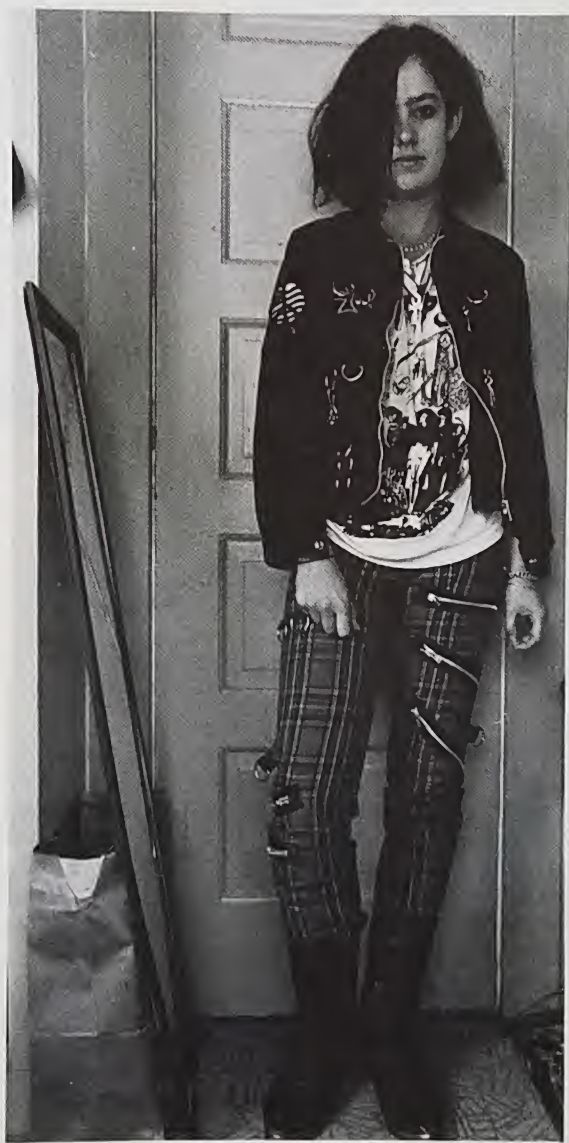
The home she grew up in was quite different. The daughter of an IBM executive, she studied ballet, lived in Europe and practiced the other rituals of a suburban life. In fact, Betsy was introduced to the punk scene when she was ten and spending a year with her family in the south of France. She was fascinated by it.

By the time Betsy entered Sabino High School, the rituals didn't fit any more. She had contempt for the protective, babysitter atmosphere that didn't even allow her to get to the bathroom without permission. At fourteen, she was getting involved in the Tucson punk scene. She started going to the Fine Line club on Drachman where other high-fashion punks hung out—she now calls them kids with hip clothes but no substance—but at least it wasn't the Far East Side. She remembers it as a time when she needed to fit in badly and tried to be friends with everyone.

Her parents weren't pleased when she left Sabino to attend Project M.O.R.E., a high school that caters to kids outside the traditional system. But Betsy liked the freedom and did well—she graduated one year earlier than scheduled.

Eventually she moved out of her parents' home to live with her boyfriend Wooley, who she met at a Project M.O.R.E. party. She sold all her clothes. She was starting a life of her own. There was work at a recycled clothing store for awhile, but she was fired because of her attitude and the way she dressed. She says the manager explained that "she didn't know if I was born with it or tried to look this way, but my face looked stuck up." These days she bides her time, knowing she'll have to get a job soon. Money doesn't worry her, she always manages to find it when she needs it, but the overload of free time is wearing thin.

The place where she and Wooley live is known among teenagers as the OZ House. It's an old brick house on Speedway that has seen better days. Broken chairs are scattered on the porch,



betsy

and dead tree limbs fold in arthritic imitation. You have to fight the cobwebs and overgrown vegetation to get to the door. An old, rusted-out American gas guzzler with Texas license plates rests in the alley.

The living room has high ceilings, scratched wood floors and two worn couches that reek of a Salvation Army pick-up. A poster of *Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2* is tacked high above a

couch. Freddy, the cult killer from the movie, looms from the poster, his steel red fingernails pointing ominously at visitors. Part of the room has guitars, drums, and electronic stuff for music-making. A few crosses hang tilted in the corner. Betsy and Wooley share the three-bedroom home with Murray, Sam and Mike. The males play in the punk rock bands Opinion Zero—which gave name to the OZ House—and What Went Wrong?

Murray is a guitarist. He favors worn black combat boots and crude tattoos skip over his tall and lanky body. His hair is shaved close, and he wears wigs sometimes for fun. When he talks, his big blue eyes dart around the room. The most political member of the household, he waxes on about the fallacies of Manifest Destiny, the Monroe Doctrine and U.S. policy in Latin America.

Sam is lead singer for Opinion Zero and is involved in experimental theater. He has a helium balloon-sized gut that swings when he walks, hair shaved close and a gonzo colored tattoo that extends across his wide upper right arm. Football was his game for years, until he tore up his ankles. He got kicked out of the UA, and now works at a factory during the day. The only member of the household who has wheels, he drives an American car with a flaming red interior that looks like a pimpmobile.

Mike's hair is dyed black and shaved in different patterns; a single lock hangs to his chin. He wears very ripped jeans and has many tattoos. Mike talks about music all the time and is not quick to trust outsiders.

Wooley got his nickname from his grandmother when he was an infant. He is sixteen and a senior at Project More, and lives on support checks his father sends him every two weeks. He and Betsy have matching tattoos on their legs. His hair looks like someone mowed it on acid.

When the residents of the OZ House throw a party to raise rent money, they draw a crazy collection of kids from all over Tucson, an electric array of safety pins, mohawks, bald heads, leather, chains, boots, skulls and hair dye. These are the kids that the rest of us gawk at through car windows. This is Tucson's punk scene. It is relatively small and scattered, not like in New York or Hollywood, and it centers around a few places in town.



ance says a lot of what punks do and say is camouflage—"It's a scary world out there."

They are called punks, rockers, mods, new acid generation, skins, deaths and skaters. They dress for themselves but enjoy offended glances from people on the street. They wear black leather motorcycle jackets (though most can't even afford a bicycle) adorned with swastikas, crucifixes, peace symbols and buttons with proclamations that make sense only to them. Their legs are glued inside of torn jeans. They put multiple holes in their ears, noses and nipples and thread safety pins, rosary beads and skulls through them. Dog collars and pieces of metal chain-link fence hang from their necks. They wear so much metal that they are walking lightning rods. They move down a street in packs and people get tense. They're energetic, raw, and still have acne.

Hair is important. Hair is image, though they claim they're anti-image. They streak it with color, tease it, shave it. They'll take a shock of flawless blonde or red locks and dye it blue-black so many times the texture turns to straw. Hardcore punks hate mousse. They poke fun at trendy kids spending big bucks on designer haircuts. Trash, a resident of a nearby punk house, recently did Wooley's hair for free. He shaved certain areas, leaving tufts that pop up like buttons. In fact, Wooley's friends are calling him Button now.

As the "jocks" and "normal" kids trend toward wearing punk styles and dye their thirty-five dollar haircuts shades of green and purple—the "real" punks are moving away from the pretenders by escalating attitude and dress. They define themselves according to how other kids live, and as more kids pose on the weekends, the punks will change the idea of what punk is.

Tattoos are in and viewed as an art. They obsess on decorating their bodies with dyed symbols—often crudely done by friends at parties. Knuckles are lined with dots, elbows become billboards for current punk bands (no matter that the band might be gone in three months). "Mom" is out, dragons are chic. Mistakes are made. Murray has a tattoo on his middle finger that he'd like to get rid of but it's painful to erase a tattoo—the process leaves scars.

Music is their bond. If they aren't making it themselves, they are listening to it constantly. They thrash and slam-dance into each other at gigs. They follow publications like *Maximum RocknRoll* and can recite a litany of the most obscure punk, rock, glam, weird, garage bands—Rudimentary Peni, Born Without A Face, Potential Threat, Dirty Rotten Imbeciles, State of Decay, Pissed Boys, etc.—in this country and Europe, categorize the music and explain what it means. They think MTV should be shot. From their view, it has commercialized punk and peddles saccharine for music.

Ask them who the governor is and they shrug. But they all know about the "oi" movement—a chopped version of "hey, you"—that began in England in the '70s. These were the original punks and skinheads who wore Dr. Martin's highly polished black work boots, suspenders and rolled up jeans—kids heavy into nationalism because of economic conditions in England. There was no work. American kids stole punk from Europe, but created a watered down version of it. Kids here can get jobs.

Some of them will describe their attitude as hippies without hair. They feel they are politically "humanistic," they don't believe in war, they don't believe in Reagan, they poke fun at the middle class though they are the children of its value system. Ask them what matters most to them and they stare at you with no answer.



betsy and wooley

They operate from knowing what they hate—they have yet to discover their passions. Says Betsy: "The hippies were the long-haired intellectuals, now we are the new hippies. I'm gonna catch shit for this but the majority [of punk kids] don't question anything. I have an open mind about everybody. The biggest difference between hippies and us is unity—they had peace and incense—but the punks have more unity, someone is always looking out for you." Punks don't have the numbers that the hippies had. They travel in tight circles.

Many of them have a "what's the use" attitude—the world is falling apart, nuclear disaster lurks, people are starving, employment is difficult. They live on the outside because it's one of the few choices they can make that feels morally appropriate. They don't like to put themselves into neat categories. "If people define themselves in strict terms, then they end up trying to be an image of their ideal—people just aren't that consistent," Murray says.

When asked why they're "punks," they'll sarcastically respond that they tried out for the football team but didn't make it. The majority of them come from middle and upper class families, many from broken homes.

Despite their hysterical dress code, they don't live in squalor or filth. Betsy says everyone at the OZ House participates in cleaning. Betsy and Wooley's room would make a parent proud.

The bed is made, the clothing hung up, they've decorated it to their taste with the little they have. Sleeping bags serve as curtains. Betsy stashes home-made chocolate chip cookies near her bed.

Most punks aren't into upscale drugs, they prefer beer. Betsy says she and her friends drink to excess sometimes, but don't worry about it because their bodies can handle it now. The main objective is fun. Many of them have made a career of hanging out on couches. They know this way of life isn't going to last forever and they are determined to enjoy the moment.

Asked if she has any "career" goals, Betsy has plenty to say. She and Wooley want to start their own clothing store specializing in bondage apparel—belts, pants, jackets and jewelry. They plan to design the merchandise themselves and Wooley has already started making belts. Betsy and Wooley are true capitalists. They dream of developing the brightest, eternal blue hair dye, and perhaps market it the way L'Oreal does. The problem with blue hair dye is that it tends to fade quickly. The last time they dyed their hair, they used stamp pad refiller ink because they heard it would last. They liked the color but woke up looking like Smurfs. Blotches of blue dye were all over the sheets and pillows.

Betsy wants to one day teach at a university. Murray daydreams of eventually moving back to Ann Arbor and opening a rare book store. They all

know they'll get out of the scene some day. For now, however, they love to tweak the middle class values that spawned them.

But some don't know how to get out. Lance is twenty-five, older than most of the others. He looks menacing—rosaries run from his nose to his ears, a metal swastika loops through one lobe, his neck is swathed in dog collars and chains. His body is tattooed, his head is bald. Lance comes from a large family Back East where his father is a TV reporter and his mother has worked with young drug abusers. They're divorced. Lance can't find a job because of the way he looks and digs for his meals in dumpsters sometimes. In contrast to his appearance, he is polite and vulnerable.

He believes that when punks wear swastikas and crucifixes, they're lampooning what the symbols stand for. This is their way of saying screw you to society. Much of what they do is theater. They scrawl anarchy symbols everywhere, but can't define anarchy. They aren't Nazis, fascists or occult devil worshipers. But they are aware the symbols will ignite most other people and they strive for easy reactions. Lance says a lot of what punks do and say is camouflage—"It's a scary world out there."

On the other hand, Lance has a hard time understanding why he can't find a job. He says he wants to work; he'll do dishes as a "slave," anything that will pay his way. He even leaves behind his six safety pins, assorted studs, beads



Eddie describes Thai Pink's music: "Our music is stupid. We're not political, we're not message-minded. We're into fun. Getting drunk too. It takes a lot of work to have a lot of fun."

and rosaries when he looks for work. But he has that shaved head and those tattoos.

Murray, now twenty, son of a General Motors executive in Michigan, finds it amusing that he is perceived as a deviant and says straight society is at a disadvantage if it thinks punks are the enemy. "It's the old dilemma of parents and kids understanding each other," he says sarcastically.

It's a typical Friday night and the alley next to the OZ House is filling up with kids. It's a giant costume party, mohawks next to shaved heads, trashed jeans next to tie-dyed T-shirts, leather competes with denim. Some kids are seriously pierced, some wear no jewelry. In a group, individuals stand out as a hardcore punk, a skater, a death rocker, a glam-boy.

Some are wandering aimlessly, deciding if they want to shell out the \$3.50 admission to get inside of the house where the refreshments are. The band is in the backyard and many decide to hang outside. They recognize each other but stay in their own cliques.

Many of these kids live in big foothills houses with plenty of food and parents who love them. Bob and Peter, decked out in death rocker gear, are high school students from the Northwest Side. They come to the OZ house to party, and to see where the punk scene is heading. It's a place for them to hear live music that they won't hear any place else. It's also a place to meet new friends. The punk scene wouldn't be complete without them. They can't be simply dismissed as posers, they look like this every day. Living on the edge of "normal," they aren't jumping into the pool—they're content to peek into a life they aren't really sure they want to be a part of.

Lance is talking about dumpster diving. "It's an art, you have to have a flair for it. You go to the dumpster and feel for warmth. Mother lode! Warmth means thirty-forty pounds of fried chicken."

Murray is holding court on a stool, collecting admission to the inside, a stack of bills in his fist. A fat woman dressed like a hippie and her skinny boyfriend are trying to hustle their way inside without money. Murray won't budge. He tells them to try 814, another punk house. "We can trade you some mojo," the woman says. Murray politely says no and they drift off, assuring him, "Sure man, it's cool, we understand." Another kid approaches and says, "I only have three dollars, man." Murray takes his money and ushers him in. "At least he had something," he explains.

Five punks sit on the concrete wall in the alley. They chain-smoke Marlboros and act like they don't care about anything.

Nina stands with her hips and head cocked, her face plastered with white make-up and eyes outlined in black. She wears Monroe red slick lipstick. Her face, too carefully tended, spoils the Hell's Angels kid sister look. She gets a burst of energy and leaps spontaneously onto the fender of an old school bus, squealing "God, this bus was a seat waiting to happen." She gets comfortable and sighs a lot.

The alley fills with a collision of apathy and energy. Everyone is restless, waiting for something to happen. Two boys play off each other like Cheech and Chong. Asked to pose for pictures, they prance, strut and kiss. They are in the rock band Thai Pink. They are glam-boys.

Eddie, nineteen, has dyed black hair that snakes down his back. It has the feel of sandpaper. He wears a gold ring through his nose, a cross through his ear. Bangles wrap around his wrist. His turquoise eyes are so pale they look

fake. He has a look that teen-age girls would pay for. He wears low-top Converse—"Best shoe in America"—and likes hats, all kinds of hats. He is a walking advertisement for the '50s, '60s, '70s and '80s. These days, he thinks that punks, hippies, jocks, skaters all are merging.

Eddie lives on the Far East Side with his parents. His father sells insurance and his mother is a hairdresser. He calls his parents sixties hippies. Eddie attends Pima College during the day and practices in his band four nights a week. After winning an essay contest for a UA scholarship, he turned it down. Eddie would like to leave school, find a daytime job and play in his band. He wants to give his music time. If that doesn't work out, he'd like to be an English teacher but seems embarrassed to admit that.

Eric, seventeen, is short and wiry, and his mind and mouth run on high speed. If he has a hero, it would be Jagger, and when you look at him you don't wonder why. His lips dominate his face, the brown eyes, spaced far apart, cover all directions. Eric's hair is covered with a straw hat, but the rest of it hangs in dreadlocks past his shoulders. He works for Egees during the day and also practices four nights a week. He quit high school and lives with his mother on the East Side.

These kids wince if you call them punks, but it's okay to call them glam-rockers. Eddie thought the only good punk music was the Sex Pistols and Ramones and both feel that the Stones are classic glam-rock. According to Eddie, punk music puts emphasis on the sound, the lyrics don't count. He thinks for a moment. "When I heard Blondie and The Knack, when I was sixteen or so, I was music wounded for life." He describes Thai Pink's music: "Our music is stupid. We're not political, we're not message-minded. We're into fun. Getting drunk too. It takes a lot of work to have a lot of fun."

On another night, the scene moves to Sixth Avenue and Grant where the Neighborhood Youth Center is having a benefit for Nicaragua. Opinion Zero, What Went Wrong and the Host are the first bands scheduled to play. The turnout is slim. It's not easy assembling the masses for causes these days. The kids here are the same ones that show up at the OZ house. Betsy hangs out in the parking lot with her friends, drinking beer. She is dressed in black. Only her very white face stands up against the night.

It is a clear, cool night, the stars shine like studded earrings. Tucson is drifting toward winter. It is the perfect night for a black leather jacket.

The music is loud and you can't understand the lyrics. A semi-circle forms in front of the band, the lead singer of the Host crashes into the crowd with his nine-month-old son on top of his shoulders. Everyone is doing the slam-dance crush. The baby squeals in excitement. He has a little red mohawk. The girlfriends of the boys in the band lean against the amplifiers off to the side, shaking their hips, showing support. Two teenagers with mohawks stand in front of the candy machine, arguing over choices.

A woman takes the mike and tells of her experiences in Nicaragua. The kids half listen. Some are beginning to squirm. After the speech, the music picks up again, kids drift in and out of the parking lot to drink beer.

The OZ house is quiet during the week. Everyone is hanging around on the couch. Betsy reads a book. Trash comes in and asks Murray if the band Fang can play at the OZ House. He'll

give Murray fifty bucks. Trash is the godfather of the Tucson punk scene. He has a small mohawk ascending from an otherwise shaved head. Tattooed images of doom dance up both arms. Thick lips move anxiously when he talks. He wears a safety pin and other things through his nose and ears. Trash earns his living by hustling and booking local punk bands and jokingly refers to himself as a snowbird—he leaves Tucson every summer.

Murray tells Trash that they are stopping the parties for a while. Seems the last one got out of hand. An uninvited stranger reappeared in the middle of the night to reclaim his glasses and went crashing through a bedroom window. Sam ran after him down the alley, fists flew, someone appeared with a pistol and started firing. The police arrived and soon the helicopters were circling. The guy who started it all ran away, leaving his boots in the alley. He never did get his glasses. The man with the gun disappeared,

too. This is theater OZ residents don't thrive on. Murray is giving the parties a rest.

Betsy stretches across her bed, her body well-toned from years of exercise. You can see the strong muscles through her tights. She smokes a cigarette. Her brown eyes get hard when she says, "I don't know when it will be, when I'm in my forties or so, but I want to be a professor of math. I'm good at it and explain it well. I will definitely do it." She smiles and lets out another secret. She has been dancing classical ballet for years. In France she studied under a master and got on toe at an early age. These days she still takes classes at the Dance Conservatory. "Other punks think it's neat."

Everyone goes to breakfast at a cafe on Sixth Street. They are noisy, intimidating, and the other patrons stare at them nervously. The waitress looks terrified. But these are children of the '80s. Everyone orders whole wheat toast. □

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**HOT DAMN!
IT'S THE**

**OOH
AAH**

MAN!

**LET'S SHOW
SOME RESPECT.**

By
Shannon
Travis
Stolkin



Bored University of Arizona football fans are mainlining coffee and exaggerating yawns during a UA-Oregon State game that is about as exciting as watching paint dry. The score is a ho-hum 13-3, the game a penalty-ridden display of mediocrity in which both teams are treating the territory inside the 30-yard lines as no-trespassing zones. Suddenly, from the bowels of the concrete bleachers charges a leotard-clad, six-foot-four beanpole who motions frantically for the crowd to stand.

He stretches his long arms upward and presses his fingertips together over a gracefully receding hairline of chestnut curls. His body does the talking.

"A-a-a-a-a," the 50,000 fans roar in a significant return to life.

The lanky, bearded character strikes a profile pose and repositions his rubberband arms.

"R-r-r-r-r," his enthralled supporters shout back.

With a smug smile of satisfaction, the madman flips aside a white cape and continues to wave, bend and twist his body through a series of wild contortions. "ARIZONA!" a screaming mass of red and blue howls in conclusion to the familiar halftime ritual. For his finale, Tucson's No. 1 sports fan tumbles onto the turf in a purposefully tumbling attempt at a forward sommersault, and takes a bow.

An upwardly mobile and unabashedly sarcastic member of the school's Wildcat Club shrugs to his companion, "Finally, they give us something worth the price of admission."

At this moment, you can forget the pom-pom girls, the quarterback, coach Larry Smith—or, for that matter, basketball coach Lute Olson, baseball coach Jerry Kindall, or just about every athlete who has worn a Wildcat uniform. At this moment, the playing field belongs to the Ooh-Aah Man, a thirty-four-year-old bartender named Joe Cavaleri, who has made it his mission to spark fire in even the most lackadaisical crowds to spur his team's performance.

His pratfalls, unique cheers and fierce



Tim Fuller

thusiasm for this self-appointed second mascot to Wilbur the Wildcat, Ooh-Aah is somewhat of an enigma to the university that benefits from his passion.

"The *what* man?" responded UA President Henry Koffler when asked about the university's official view of Ooh-Aah. Then Koffler thought again. "Oh yes, the guy that says, 'Give me a U!' I thought he was a student. I've seen him out there all the time and I really admire his enthusiasm, but I didn't know he was called Ooh-Aah."

Ooh-Aah has, in fact, been around since 1979, longer than Koffler has. His debut came after Cavaleri, feeling warm from the wine of a friend's wedding, dropped by a UA-California baseball game to lend support to chums Wes Clements and Terry Francona. Cavaleri himself had dropped out of the university after a few weeks as a

Liberal Arts major.

"It was the third inning and we were behind about five runs and Wes was up to bat," Cavaleri recalls. "I just got up there and started leading a chant, Ooh-Aah, sock it to 'em Wildcats!" As his cheer reached a crescendo, Clements pounded a grand-slam homer. "And everyone said, 'Hey, come back next time....'"

The next time Cavaleri showed up with "Ooh-Aah" formed in black electrician's tape across the back of his shirt. A star was born. When the team earned a trip that spring to the College World Series, staunch UA supporter George Kalil gathered donations from local businessmen to bring Ooh-Aah along. A baseball fan from Nogales was his first contributor. "He handed me a hundred dollars and I took it from there," Kalil remembers. "It didn't take too much to get enough money to pay his way."

Cavaleri basked in the excitement of the trip, and when he got back to Tucson, he figured the fun was over. Not so. Fans and friends prevailed on him to take the field again when the football season started. His antics put new life into the crowd in an era when UA football teams were not always electric. Fred Snowden, then the basketball coach, took notice. "Hey, we gotta have that guy," he told friends.

As his popularity increased, so did the range of Ooh-Aah's costumes, props and cheers. "Ooh-Aah, sock it to 'em Wildcats" expanded into the comical, and now familiar, spellout of Arizona, complete with the buffoon sommersault at the end. No longer content to dress in jeans and baseball sleeves, Cavleri fashioned a new wardrobe of red leotard and tights, red and white baseball shirt with Ooh-Aah printed on the back, red shorts, red and blue sweatpants (which he sometimes vigorously pulls off to get people's attention) and a white cape with a Wilbur logo. "I sort of thought I had an image to project and I decided it should kind of be like Superman," he explains.

Off the field, however, Joe Cavaleri reduces to Clark Kent. A self-described introvert, the soft-spoken, doe-eyed Cavaleri is shy around strangers. He is apt to be a wallflower at a party and to stare at the sidewalk rather than meet a curious stare. But he is unrestrained leading cheers in front of thousands.

Sporting events, particularly those involving UA, bring out in Cavaleri an ardor he used to confine to his own play in city softball and basketball leagues. Cavaleri is a New York native who also played high school basketball until a finger injury forced him out of the lineup before the playoffs his senior year.

"I guess it's just another me out there," Cavaleri shrugs, searching for an answer for his different behavior on and off the field. "It's like when I'm behind the bar and I become someone else—I laugh and tell jokes and talk to the customers. It's a role I can play, and some people really like it."

Then he comes clean. "I guess I was always an entertainer, given the opportunity." Cavaleri also confesses that his interest in kids rivals his devotion to sports—he has worked with retarded children and conducted puppet shows for his stepmother's kindergarten classes. "And I suppose that carries over into what I do now. All it takes is for one little kid to come up and say, 'Hi, you're Ooh-Aah,' and that does it for me."

Now multiply that by 50,000 sets of hoarse lungs. "I can't explain the feeling I get on mid-field—it gives me goosebumps." Cavaleri thinks he must be someone like the late and legendary actor John Barrymore. "I read that he was a total introvert, but that he absolutely came alive on stage—I guess that's what happens to me during halftime." During those exhibitions, Cavaleri is likely to tear off his outer layers of clothing, wave a mean fist through the air and command absolute attention with his spellout.

Like most actors, he is vulnerable to what other people think of that performance. His friends say he is sensitive and often stung by criticism. One local writer described Cavaleri as "a middle-aged clown" and others have portrayed him as a sort of egotistical superham who steals the show from the other pep-rally entertainment provided by UA at games. The latter description hurts the most.

"Sometimes, people have the tendency to

overlook the cheerleaders, the pom poms and the band, and I really hate it when that happens," says Cavaleri, who reports that the attention paid to him by the media has sometimes created ill will with the university's official cheerleaders. "Those people work really hard and they've put their hearts into what they do. I'm not out there to be a star or to compete with them, but to help them and help the crowd have a good time. I suppose my strange appearance does make me more noticeable, but sometimes I feel uncomfortable being singled out like that. I don't want it to be at their expense."

Then there is the shyness at dealing with the enthusiasm of fans off the field. "After the game is over, people come up and say, 'Hi,' and I get so flustered. I try to make people happy, but that's just the way I react and I don't know why." Cavaleri frequently is seen parking in off-campus lots and walking a mile to the game with the



Tim Fuller

cheap-seat boosters. Afterwards, he wanders out of the arena alone, another anonymous face in the crowd, albeit the only one wearing a cape.

As much as anything else, this reserve has helped block his emergence as a full-fledged UA institution, complete with the official recognition and funding necessary to keep his act—and his fans—going.

"Everyone knows who this guy is, but I don't think they realize that he does all this on his own," says basketball coach Olson, an idol of Cavaleri's who, in kind, admires what Cavaleri brings to the basketball court. Olson says Ooh-Aah makes "an invaluable contribution" to the coach's goal of fan involvement and support, but worries that Cavaleri doesn't get the support he deserves in return from the UA establishment—especially financial support. Olson wants to lead a fund drive to pay Cavaleri's expenses so Ooh-Aah can make road trips with the team.

Although business-boosters paid for Cavaleri's first road trip in 1979, his out-of-town appearances have been few since then. A friend paid his way to the College World Series in 1980, and occasionally Cavaleri has scraped enough extra cash from bartending and odd jobs to finance

a trip to Tempe or even Los Angeles. But mostly, he has been left to lead cheers from his living room coffee table for his family and friends around the radio when the Wildcats are out of town.

"People stop me on the street and want to know where I've been, and I really don't know what to tell them," Cavaleri laments. "It really hurts the fans." Apparently, it bothers the players as well.

"There have been times when I didn't show up and a lot of players were insulted—they thought I was blowing them off, but I just couldn't afford it." Last year, when he did travel to California for the NCAA basketball playoffs, he was kicked off the court because each school was allowed only one mascot—and UA had Wilbur. Cavaleri hasn't even made the last two football road trips to ASU because he couldn't get a ride, or a ticket.

In fact, it was difficult for him for a few seasons to even get tickets to the UA home games. For a while, Cavaleri bought his own. But sometimes the ushers wouldn't let him on the field or court. When his appearances became more in demand, but security became less accommodating, Cavaleri got frustrated and Ooh-Aah stopped showing up altogether a few years ago. Not only was security barring him from the field sometimes, the guards even ran him off when he tried to climb poles on the sidelines to lead cheers.

"All I wanted was tickets and the run of the field," he says. "I don't go out and cause trouble; all I was asking for was support."

Finally, the university decided to provide seating for Cavaleri and members of his family. His girlfriend Nancy attends regularly, as do his retired father Augustino, his mother Rita, sisters Christine and Terry and brother Patrick. But this year, the UA sold his football tickets to other fans. It was a mistake, and the UA substituted another set which put Cavaleri and Nancy in the heart of an unmercifully loud and distracting student section. Ooh-Aah sat out a few games again, but the bright lights beckoned him back.

When basketball season came around in November, Cavaleri didn't know until a day before the first game whether he had tickets. But he concedes that was because he had put off making the call to ask. Basically, the UA ticket office has been accommodating when he requests tickets or parking passes, he says, but it embarrasses him to make demands.

"I guess it's just pride, but I don't want to have to keep asking for everything," he says. Then he shrugs it off as a communications problem, not the university's fault.

But the hassles nag and take away some of his joy. Also, Ooh-Aah lost a step after Cavaleri injured his back in a car wreck on the way to a UA baseball game in Tempe a couple of years ago. Also, he is getting older, getting married in April, and his availability depends in part on keeping a daytime schedule as a bartender at Carlos Murphy's. Is it possible that UA fans may have to face a future without Ooh-Aah?

"I really want to keep doing it, but I guess I can't run around and be young like this all my life," Cavaleri allows. Better take this kind of talk with a grain of salt, though, because Cavaleri can't help feeling personally responsible for each Wildcat victory or defeat.

"I feel like my efforts help the teams win or help them lose," he says. "If we lose, I didn't do enough." □

Shannon Travis Stolkin is a Tucson free-lancer and former newspaper reporter.



BOOK HIM, DANNO

By Arturo Carrillo Strong

Every afternoon about quarter to three, the hookers who ply their trade on South Sixth Avenue start their daily migration to a house which is effectively camouflaged by the nondescript business places that surround it. Unless you are looking for the house, chances are you'd never notice it. The reason for this daily migration is not for sex or drugs (although sometimes both are available), but for the purpose of participating in a growing cult of the faithful who watch "Hawaii Five-O" each day at three. By this time the girls are tired; most of them have been working since early morning, starting with the white-collar trade on its way to work.

The house belongs to a man we'll call Greg and he has lived here, in the family home, for fifty-six years, give or take a few years for military

service and busted marriages. It's not a big house. There are three medium-size bedrooms, a living room, and a bathroom which divides a small kitchen and the front bedroom. On the other side of the kitchen is a small dining room that also serves as a den. Polished hardwood floors add charm to the old house.

The covered porch in front of the house has two wide pillars which have been patched several times. The small front yard is cemented and a seeing-eye beam informs on anyone trying to sneak in. A seven-foot-high wire fence with wide swinging gates and concertina wire on top protects the backyard. The redwood gate to the neighboring yard has a cow-bell. An infrared beam announces arrivals and departures.

Inside, Greg holds court in the dining room/den from morning until late at night to a collection of

whores, petty thieves, drug dealers, burglars, hit men, lawyers, broken-down fighters, private detectives and just about anyone else who needs a favor. Most of Greg's furniture has been in the family for years. The dining room table is made of wrought iron; the top is covered with blue and white Mexican tile. Surrounding it are two office chairs, a straight-back wrought iron chair (that looks homemade) and a couple of plain wooden chairs. Tropical plants are scattered throughout the house. A parrot, green with a red tint to his head, resides in a wrought iron cage near the side door. The parrot doesn't talk much and is meaner than hell. But everything serves its purpose. The bird squawks and makes noise when strangers approach and the plants purify the air. At least one plant hides a camera.

On any particular afternoon

there are about ten ladies in attendance. Each one comes in, makes for the refrigerator, and either mixes a drink or pops open a Pepsi (ten-to-one the favorite drink of every hooker polled). Marijuana and heroin are forbidden in Greg's house. Cocaine is the only acceptable drug. The only rule is, if you've got it, toot it. The chairs are portioned out, first-come, first-served; every woman makes it a point to greet Greg with a kiss on the cheek.

This is Greg's siesta time and he usually can be found lying on the short gray sofa which faces his new Sony television. He normally wears cutoff jeans, a white T-shirt and long brown socks that reach almost to his knees. His skinny arms and boney knees are deceptive; when he needs to be, he's fast and unbelievably strong. At one time Greg was five-foot-six; now, because he is slumped

over, he's about five-foot-three.

While they wait for the show to start, the girls use the time to exchange gossip and discuss worldly affairs. "Did you hear about Mary Ellen's man? Got his ass shot off when he was coming out of the john," one of them begins. A tall, thin redhead replies: "Yeah, I told that bitch she'd better stay away from the strip until her man got established. They don't take kindly to newcomers. She's just lucky they didn't mess her up too."

The talking stops when the clock strikes three. Greg moves a thin arm toward the remote control device resting on the stand next to his sofa. His eyelids flutter open revealing cold gray. The pupils enlarge. Yellow flecks are visible in the gray. Greg's handsome face is only slightly diminished by years of hard work and fast living. The rest of him, however, has taken a beating. His hair, once thick and lustrous brown streaked with flecks of red, is now an unmanageable dull brown. Greg's hands are still strong and steady and his manhood is legendary. When you think of "macho" you think of Greg. Back in high school, he would rather fight than eat. His size was deceptive. He loved to go into a bar and pick out the biggest, meanest, son-of-a-bitch in the place. Nine times out of ten, Greg whipped him or fought him to a standstill. Not one of the hookers would dare to reach for the remote control to turn on the television set. When Greg talks to them, he's gentle but firm and seems to be genuinely interested in everything they say.

The television set comes to life and the girls gather around as the opening scene appears on the screen. When McGarrett (Jack Lord) flashes up there is only minor applause. Chano, the Hawaiian detective, draws a few more cheers when he tails a suspect around the beautiful island. At least two of the girls remember enjoying fully paid vacations in Hawaii with their sugar-daddies, both men twice their age. In the next scene, the star of the show makes his first appearance. Danno, played by James MacArthur, enters McGarrett's office and receives his assignment. The girls clap and cheer. One places two fingers in her mouth and whistles shrilly.

Throughout the show Danno is greeted by more wolf-whistles and applause. Finally, at the end, the culprit is captured and as the cuffs are being put on the crook by Chano, McGarrett turns to Danno and says, "Book him, Danno. Murder one, two counts."

An orgasm of cheers erupts from the now tightly gathered gallery of hookers. They are on their feet, hugging and doing little impromptu dance steps in their glee. Millie and Conchita do a high-five and em-



Theresa Smith

"Hi," she said, smiling shyly. They exchanged small talk for a few minutes and she finally worked up enough courage to ask, "You looking for a good time?"

brace. Greg has closed his eyes again. He wears a tight little smile on his lips. Ten minutes after the show ends, the last of the girls is back on the street and the phone starts ringing. Greg mumbles something into the phone and hangs up. Then he excuses himself. After all, Greg has got to make a living.

Greg knows his neighborhood and his city. One day he walked down the street to get something at the store. When he reached his front gate, he was met by an attractive young lady wearing hot pants and a tight sweater. It was pleasantly warm for October. The lady was trying her best to advertise her availability. "Hi," she said, smiling shyly. They exchanged small talk for a few minutes and she finally worked up enough courage to ask, "You looking for a good time?"

"How much do you charge for a good time?" Greg replied.

"It all depends what you want to

buy."

Finally, Greg tired of the game and ended it by saying, "Look officer, I'm not in the market for a citation and I don't plan to spend the rest of the day in jail. You're a nice girl, be careful or you're going to get hurt out here on this street." All the time they had been talking he had noticed a yellow van parked across the street. The windows had a dark sun screen all the way around.

Indignantly, she marched away. In a few minutes she returned, opened the gate, and walked over to where Greg was sitting.

"What did I do wrong?" she asked. "How did you know I was a cop?"

Greg thought about it for a minute and then smiled.

"In the first place," he answered, "your clothes are too new, you have new shoes and your make-up is too freshly made up for this part of town. You don't look like you've

worked all night. And your perfume is too expensive. But the main thing is your hands."

"What's wrong with my hands?" she asked, looking down at them.

"You don't have anything in them," he continued. "If you were a real hooker you would be sucking on a Pepsi or a Coke so you could get some sugar for energy. Sometimes a hooker will get a can of beer and wrap toilet paper or tissue around it so the cops don't hassle her. But your hands are empty. And tell you friends across the street to find another van. They were made two weeks ago."

The vice cop thanked him and walked across the street to the van. She opened the passenger door and got in. Two hours later she walked by the house with a can of Pepsi in her hand. As she passed, she winked and smiled. Her backups rolled by in their new cover, a low-rider. Greg shook his head and laughed—they were Anglos.

Author's Note: The hookers who worked South Sixth Avenue have moved again—for a while they were on Miracle Mile. There was a minor pimp-war that appeared in the papers for a few days and then quieted down. Now the girls are scattered, but seem to be migrating downtown again. The only girls working South Sixth are the local independents (most of them Hispanics who have lived here all their lives) who don't need a pimp to hustle them.

The reason for the move to Miracle Mile from the South Side had nothing to do with economics or law enforcement. Sure, the cops hassled them and a few busts went down to make the department look good. But the real reason was macho Mexican pride. The local guys who ride the drag in their low-riders and control the South Side streets simply couldn't stand the low-life pimps who made money off neighborhood women and kept them doped and scared by beating them if they had a bad night. So the local guys took matters into their own hands and began beating up the pimps whenever they could find them. The pimps learn fast. They moved.

Back at Greg's the crisis time has passed. For a while there "Hawaii Five-O" was dropped by local television. One day Greg and his lady friends were out at San Xavier. They bought a postcard of the mission, wrote a blistering appeal to get Danno back on the air and mailed it to the Governor of Hawaii. The Guv wrote back. And the show is now on Channel 9 at 3 p.m. □

Arturo Carrillo Strong, a former Pima County Deputy Sheriff, comes from pioneer Tucson stock.



Chico Shunie disappears into a green cloud of palo verde and heads up the wash. Since dawn, my day has been salted with stuttered events and odd signals. The drive out from Tucson offered a highway endlessly clotted with buzzards eating road kills. Once in Ajo, the Phelps Dodge signal serenaded me (the thing still goes off at 6 a.m., 7, 12, 12:45, 1, 3:30, and 9) and the blast echoed over a dead mine, a dead mill and a town that has collapsed inward from the good days of 4,000 people. When a friend and I went to fetch the interpreters, Norma Ortiz had gone off with her three-year-old boy on an errand and by the time we rounded up her and the other Papago speaker, Virginia Marquez, we were running late. Then came twenty bouncing miles of dirt road.

And now at our approach, Chico has vanished into the desert. I get out of the truck and amble up to the three tin and ocotillo rib huts. The doors are open to catch a desert breeze. Hurt Antone, the cat, peers out and then Chico's sister silently glides through the door and settles out under the ramada where she sits on some rusty bedsprings. She is in her nineties, the face is wrinkled, skin a rich brown. She wears a faded polka dot dress, light blue sneakers with her toes poking through, a

kerchief wrapped around her head. Eyeglasses with lenses like Coke bottles are secured to her skull by old shoelaces. She says nothing, stares idly off into space and swats with a rag at the swarms of gnats.

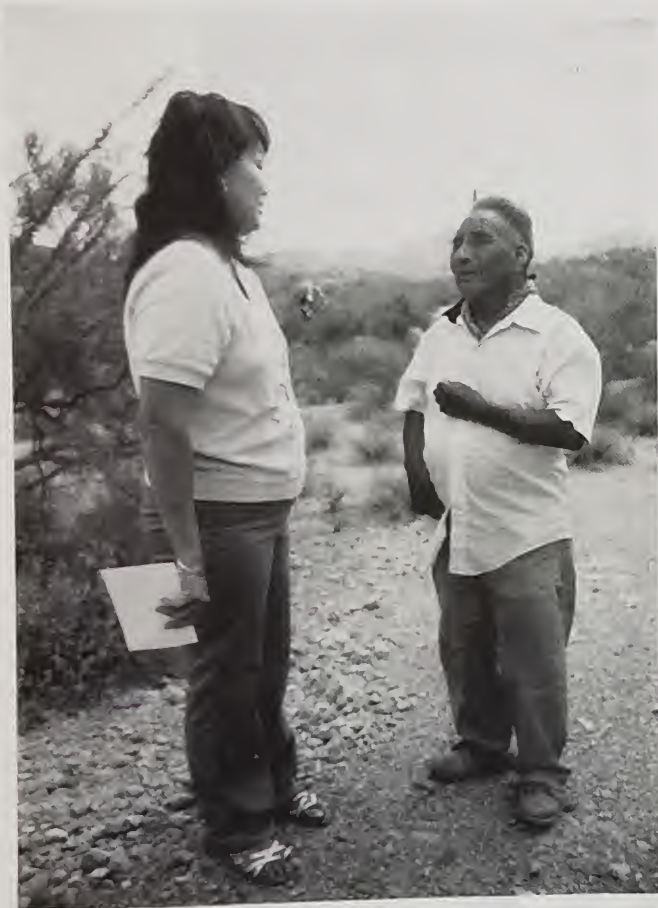
For fifty yards in every direction the earth is bare—Chico likes it that way so that he can see snakes coming. Around front there is a fenced area containing an incredible clutter of old pans, pots, jars, vases, buckets, cans, washboilers, refrigerators, wheelbarrows, boards, kegs, barrels and tubs, a veritable monument to desert rathood. Two pans host some mint plants and Norma tells me the leaves are good for stomach disorders. She should know, since she is half Sand Papago; Chico and his sister are fullbloods. A hundred years ago the Sand Papagos flourished as a small subgroup of the main Papago tribe (which now calls itself Tohono O'odham). They never numbered more than 200 or 300 people but they dominated all the ground between Rocky Point on the Gulf, Interstate 8 along the Gila River and the hard desert between Ajo and Yuma. They were the last true nomads in the United States, a wandering people who lived off wild plants and wild animals and they moved across the dry land with the pulses of the season.

In the 1890s, a bunch were

STAYING PUT

Chico Shunie is the Sand Papago who refused to come in from the heat.

By Charles Bowden
Photographs by Bill Broyles



Interpreter Norma Ortiz and Chico Shunie

He was once married, but at the moment his wife's name escapes him—it is written on an envelope in his hut, but since he cannot read, this record is of no help to him.

slaughtered in the dunes by Mexicans angry about their reputed robbing and killing of travelers, and for a long time scholars figured the Sand Papago had ceased to exist. Well, they're still around, living in towns like Ajo, Wellton, Gila Bend and Yuma and squatting at spots like this patch of desert twenty miles out of Ajo. Now they have organized themselves into a group and are fighting to get their own reservation as a distinct people. God only knows where their voyage of rediscovery will end.

All this has little to do with Chico. He is in his sixties or seventies—nobody really knows—and he has pulled off an incredible feat. On any topographical map of the area you can see his name, Chico Shunie Well (spelled half a dozen ways), and his name marks a spot inside the Cabeza Prieta National Game Refuge, a federal bailiwick set aside by Franklin Roosevelt in 1939 as a sanctuary for bighorn sheep and the rare Sonoran antelope. Today, nobody owns land inside the Cabeza except the feds and nobody lives inside the Cabeza, according to the rules. In the eyes of the local refuge office in Ajo, Chico hasn't got a legal leg to stand on concerning any claims to the land. Of course, not many people want to set up housekeeping out in the 865,000-acre Cabeza, what with the murderously hot summers, annual rainfall in many parts of three inches or less and the military's habit of using much of the ground as a gunnery range and regularly raking the place with live rounds.

But Chico lives inside the boundaries and has no intention of ever leaving. He has always been here. Oh, there are stories in Ajo of bad days when he was said to be a terrible drinker who would come in from the baking ironwood and tear the town apart. But basically, he has never budged much from this spot. He is the Sand Papago who refused to come in out of the heat, who remained in the emptiness that spooks almost everyone else.

I sit on a bench under the ramada with his ancient sister. The two Papago women who will interpret say nothing and the silence washes across me like a blessing. Birds chirp in the trees along the wash and Norma's boy digs with an old tin can in the dirt. My friend Bill Broyles of Tucson busily sets up a tape recorder and hangs a microphone off a mesquite post. He has dragged me out here to view this fragment of a dead world: a Sand Papago still living on the land. This is his third visit and he has yet to learn Chico's age. The old man dodges questions like a seasoned politician.

We relax and wait for Chico. There is not a hell of a lot of commotion in the Shunie house-

hold—no electricity, no running water, no air conditioner, no stove, no television, radio, pop-up toaster or food processor. Over by the wash, a hand-dug well dives sixty feet into the earth, the shaft lined halfway down with mesquite logs. A bucket hanging off the windlass explains the delivery system. Fifty yards away is a modern well with a gasoline engine set up by the feds for wildlife. This high-tech model is busted at the moment.

Suddenly Chico appears, floats over to a stuffed chair that has upholstery spilling out from its rotted fabric, and sits down. He sports a full head of mostly black hair, a good smile with scattered yellow teeth, and quick eyes. He wears a cotton shirt, old britches and leather shoes that do not seem designed for his particular feet. He leans back and, after some more silence, the women begin to talk to him in Papago. I drift off amid the rumble of clucking, guttural words.

We tackle again this question of his age, although Chico seems kind of provoked by the line of inquiry. He patiently explains the problem: at the time he was born, it was not necessary to know the day you were born or the year you were born, just the fact that you were born. He thinks he came into this world down at Quitobaquito, a traditional Sand Papago haunt now swallowed up by Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument. Chico recalls at one point being baptized by a priest, but the past for him looms mainly as a hazy country. He was once married, but at the moment his wife's name escapes him—it is written on an envelope in his hut, he purrs, but since he cannot read, this record is of no help to him.

Children? Oh yes, he has one son and he wishes he had more children so that they could help him with his work, with the wood cutting, water carrying, and what-not. The boy, well, the boy lives off in some town. He can't remember which one, and every once and awhile he turns up and visits for a spell.

As Chico rattles on, big thunderheads grow to the south and a slight rumble rolls across the desert. The sun is still out. A yellow butterfly drifts over the bare ground.

Slowly the mechanics of his life emerge. He cooks over a wood fire out front, people bring him food from town, every month a Social Security check arrives. No, he has no car, but this does not matter since he all but refuses to ever leave his home because he knows people are out to steal his land and he is wise to their schemes. Once a man came out and said, "Sign this paper and you will get a lot of money from the tribe." And Chico signed, got a six-pack in return and the guy never came back. He laughs as he recounts this in-

cident and waves a stubby finger for emphasis.

Our interest in the past strikes Chico as peculiar. Not many people care about such matters, he notes, and he himself has no papers or records, just a bunch of old letters he cannot read. He cannot sign his own name, he explains, but he knows how to make his mark. He demonstrates this skill, holding the pen like a live rattlesnake, and delicately makes a cross in black ink.

Actually, Bill and I are here under false colors. We are not so much interested in the Sand Papago past as the human present. Put simply, we are fascinated by the way Chico Shunie and his sister live. Here, hunkered at the western edge of Pima County, they bake in the heat without any of the basic widgets of modern life. Tucson is as foreign to them as Moscow and that apparently suits them just fine.

Chico seems to spend his days doing nothing or doing things the rest of us do not tackle. He drags in some firewood from the desert. He sits under his ramada with his silent sister and stares at the bare earth and waits for the snakes to come. Maybe he sits there and plays with ideas, maybe he tastes deep visions. He tells us that he knew we were coming, a dream told him the night before. His words are devoured by our tape machine but he ignores the device. My hand flits across the page making notes but the act of writing does not interest him either. He asks Bill and I nothing. He could not care less about our lives or our world.

Suddenly, he erupts with motion, his finger stabs toward the uninhabited west and he starts talking about a man he insists lives out there. He forgets the man's name, but he continues gamely on and I sit there and cannot decide if he is losing his wits or if his mind simply functions in a way and a rhythm that is lost to me.

"What do you do when you are sick?" he asks the women. Virginia says she goes to the doctor in town and Chico looks at her with disgust. He goes into the desert and gathers plants and cures himself, he wants them to know.

"How can you trust your health to strangers?" he asks.

His jabs at the women begin to liven things up. They live in town and have abandoned the desert to other powers. Chico sits there and beams as at least one Sand Papago who is not a quitter. Norma seeks to recoup some lost ground by describing her visits to Chico when she was a child. Her grandmother would bring her here and while the adults talked, she would go play in the wash. Back in the 1920s, she was told, the place had been a fair-sized village. And then something happened, she is not sure what, maybe a feud or, according to Chico's account,

the lure of jobs in Ajo, and everybody left. All but him. He says the people that left had no sense of the land, but he stayed because this was his land and no one can ever take it away from him.

Norma jumps in with a story she remembers hearing of the old village. One day she met a woman and asked the woman where she was born. The woman said, "In an arroyo." And when Norma asked what she meant, this tale tumbled out. The woman's mother lived in the old village and one day went out to gather wood, just like Chico still does. She was walking down the wash when labor pains stabbed her. She lay down, delivered the child herself, cut the cord with her teeth, then put the wood back on her head, picked up the newborn and walked home to the village.

Chico smiles at the tale. Rain sweeps in and plays across the roof of the ramada—the sound is like a brush softly stroking a cymbal. The old man beams and turns to Bill and me and reports, "You gentlemen brought the rain." He gets up from his chair and walks out from under the ramada so he can feel the drops against his skin. I ask, "Where is the burying ground?" He points off across the wash to a hillside half a mile away.

We start walking, the old man at steady trot, Norma and I bringing up the rear. He turns to Norma, who is young and pretty, and winks, saying, "we'll lose him," and then laughs heartily.

He moves easily in his clumsy shoes, stops atop a small knoll and points to a jumble of twenty or thirty leaning crosses. Many of the graves have collapsed in on the dead and I walk over and stare down into the pits. Small jars here and there hold plastic flowers. Chico starts pointing, there is my father, there is my aunt, my grandfather and so forth. I can hear Bill's camera clicking and the tape machine whirring. The thunder rumbles more loudly now and the air is rich with the promise of hard rain.

I ask the old man what will happen to this land, to his huts and old pans and pots and little fenced areas holding scavanged treasures—what will happen to all this when he dies? He says he is never going to die. The other old people, the dead ones underneath his feet now, they all drank too much poison, too much wine, but he does not. So he will never die.

We walk back down the arroyo. He reaches out and plucks a yellow blossom from a catsclaw. Chico holds the flower to his nose and sucks the scent in greedily. Then he offers the blossom to me.

Hours later driving back to Tucson I can still catch the fragrance on my fingers. □



The lay of the land at Chico Shunie's place.

He sits under his ramada with his silent sister and stares at the bare earth and waits for the snakes to come. Maybe he sits there and plays with ideas, maybe he tastes deep visions.

HUNGRY?

SIT DOWN, SHUT UP AND WRITE!

Sold any blood lately? How much money did you get? Park it over there and pick up a pencil because you've got some questions to answer. There is a new Food Stamp questionnaire being used in Pima County, a thirty-six page wonder that replaces the skimpy eight-pager of the past, and it's tougher than Mom was when you came back from the prom at dawn with leaves in your hair.

Things this good don't just happen. Apparently the bureaucrats are shooting for the Nobel Prize in Red Tape, the federal government's equivalent of *War and Peace*. The new form, test-marketed in Alaska and North Dakota, is the hot item in the food stamp universe. Utah reportedly yearns for boxcars of them.

"If it proves successful," allows Tom Brooks, administrative assistant in the local office of the Family Assistance Administration, "there's no telling where it will end." About 12,000 households in Pima County get Food Stamps, and, based on a reading of the new form, future recipients will be eligible for a Ph.D. program by the time they finish this questionnaire.

They *really* want to know how many bucks you make. Let's get down: "this includes working for part of your rent, Park and Swap income, baby sitting, selling cans, National Guard, work study, vocational-on-the-job training, children's income...." How much money did you hustle from royalties this month? Tell us your mineral rights, your mining claims—slow down there, big guy—we mean oil, gas, coal. Win two bucks in the lottery? At Bingo? Shooting craps in the alley? How much?

Own any burial plots? Come clean—where are they? What is their market value? What do you owe on them?

Enough talk about money. Let's get personal. Are you white, American Indian, Black, Asian, Pacific Islander, Hispanic, Southeast Asian, Other (specify)? Are you a U.S. citizen, an Eligible Alien, an Ineligible Alien, a Sponsored Alien, a Refugee AFDCRRP/CHEP (1-18 months), a Refugee CHP (19+ months), or Other? Who lives with you and where in the hell are they? Are they in the hospital, away at school, looking for work, on vacation? When do you expect them back?

How about kids? Is mom or dad in jail? Prison? Looking for work out of town? Dead? Speak up if you want to eat.

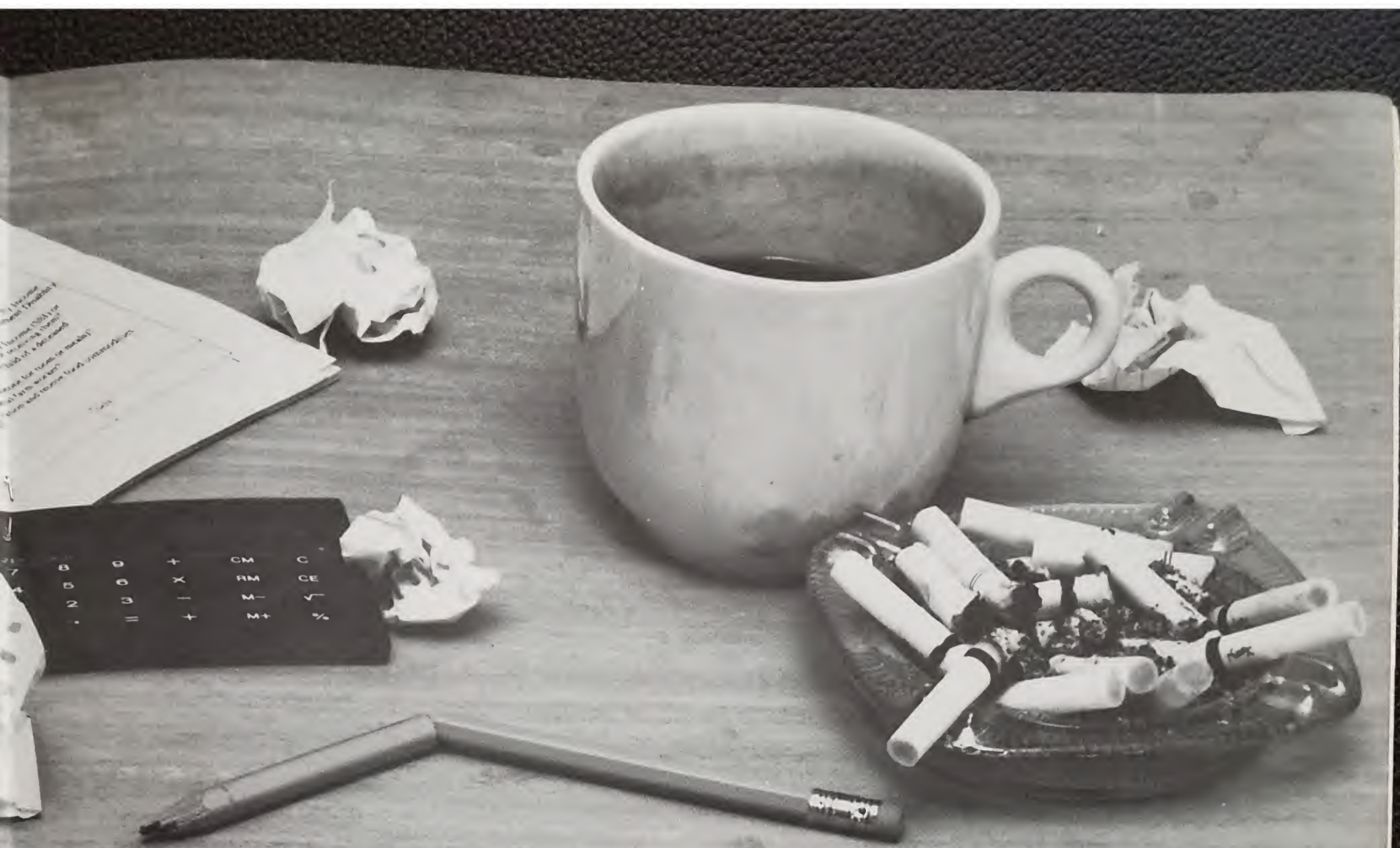
Oh, we forgot something in the property section. Do you own an airplane? Describe it. How about your cattle holdings?

After thirty-six pages, this is kind of like being hugged by a junkyard dog. Brooks says they've held seminars with social agencies and "we haven't had any adverse comment all, not from anybody." Just for the heck of it, Brooks filled out the form himself and says it only took fifteen minutes out of his life. Nobody to date has timed how long it takes a real, live, hungry person to plow through it.

Brooks swears the purpose of this rubber-hose approach—by comparison, this thing makes credit applications seem about as difficult as sweepstakes entries—is not to get rid of people who want Food Stamps. Well, actually, what he says is, "It's designed to be easier for the client to complete...you don't have to put the whole constitution on a pin head." He notes the form simply makes it easier to pour the hungry into a fat computer—a bureaucratic dream that a SWAT team of hackers will complete next summer.

In the interests of science we had a local form-fiend fill out the Food Stamp questionnaire. He is a mathematics professor at the University of Arizona, experienced in landing grants from government agencies with a lot of initials. His idea of a good time is calculating the square root of the universe while shaving. He clocked one and half hours inching through the new form—and figures it would have taken him two and half hours if he really wanted to get Food Stamps and had to dig up the numbers off his stock certificates, credit union accounts, IRAs, health insurance, Pell Grants, Blue Book value of his car, etc.

City Magazine applauds the government's efforts to make damn sure people are qualified to eat off our tax money. Since that applies to both sides of the counter, we're sure only sympathetic, knowledgeable people administer Food Stamps. Perhaps they won't mind taking a few minutes to fill out another new form.



EMPLOYMENT APPLICATION FOR FOOD STAMP ADMINISTRATORS

Section 1: Survival Skills

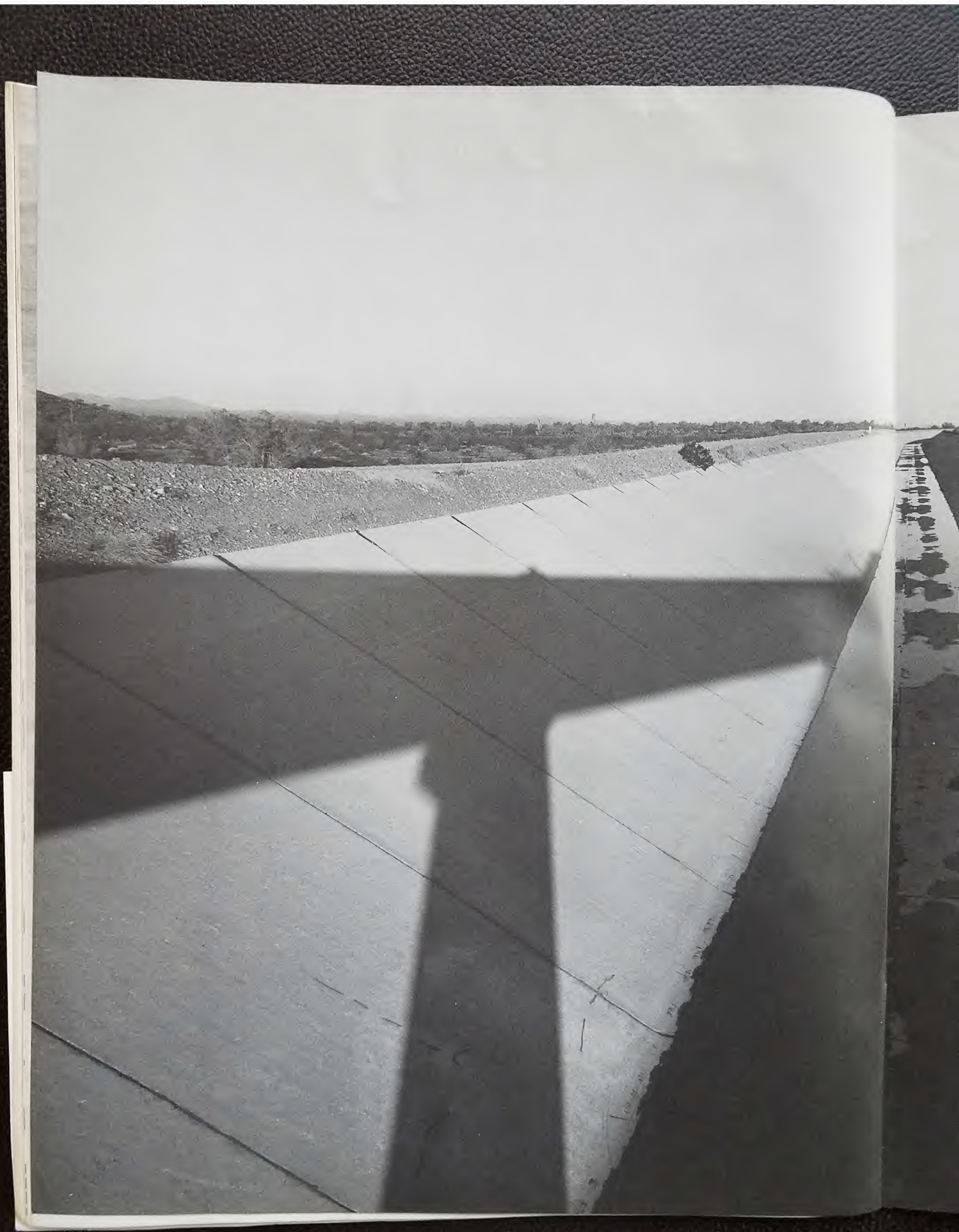
1. How do you feed eight people on a pound of hamburger?
 - a. Extend it with crackers.
 - b. Put it on the table and the biggest guys get it.
 - c. Use it as a side dish with veal Oskar.
 - d. You can't.
2. How do you keep three children warm when you can't pay the gas bill?
 - a. Put them in the hot tub.
 - b. Use your blow-drier.
 - c. Do Jane Fonda exercises.
 - d. Set the house on fire.
3. How do you make quality time with your children after twelve hours as a waitress?
 - a. Discuss what they learned at Montessori school that day.
 - b. Pay the bills together.
 - c. Practice Active Listening.
 - d. Marry their probation officer.
4. Where is the best place to keep your money?
 - a. Wallet.
 - b. Shoe.
 - c. Sock.
 - d. Off-shore bank.
 - e. I don't have any money.
5. How often can you sell your blood?
 - a. Once every two weeks.
 - b. Depends on the needs of your fellow man.
 - c. Whenever hungry.
 - d. More often if you only sell plasma.

Section 2: Food Theory

1. What causes hunger?
 - a. Dieting.
 - b. Sitting at a desk between breakfast and lunch.
 - c. Light beer.
 - d. Chinese food.
 - e. None of the above.
2. Why do people apply for Food Stamps?
 - a. So they can fill out forms.
 - b. So I can keep my job.
 - c. Because they are Communists, Democrats or minorities.
 - d. A study should be done by my agency.

Section 3: Field Work

1. Find a big cardboard box. Sleep in it.
2. Go to a supermarket. Select items. Stand in line and pay for choices with Food Stamps. Study expression on other customers' faces.
3. Walk alleys for one week collecting aluminum cans. Live on proceeds.
4. Spend the night in public park. Describe interaction with police officer.
5. Travel to Fresno, California without funds. Find job in five days. Write essay on how no real American needs Food Stamps.
6. Move into your car with your family. Write essay on the joy of togetherness.
7. Shave in a WhataBurger restroom.
8. Live as single parent with two children under age of four. Seek employment. Go to Food Stamp office. Fill out form. You have fifteen minutes.



PIPE DREAMS

Now that we've spent three generations and three billion dollars bringing the Central Arizona Project here, there are a couple of nagging questions. Can it deliver water? Can anyone afford to buy it?

by Marc Reisner

Photography by Ruthe Morand

A political mirage for three generations of Arizonans, the Central Arizona Project is now a palpable mirage, as incongruous a spectacle as any on earth: a man-made river flowing uphill in a place of almost no rain. To see it there in late 1985, just being filled, induces a kind of shock, like one's first sight of Mount McKinley or the Great Wall. But it is an illusion that works both ways. Up close, the Granite Reef Aqueduct seems almost too huge to be real. Where will all the water come from? From the air, however, the aqueduct and the river it diverts are reduced to insignificance by the landscape through which they flow—a desert that seems much too vast for the most heroic pretensions of mankind. The water the aqueduct is capable of delivering is more than Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago consume together. Pour it on Arizona, however, and it would cover each acre with two hundredths of an inch. In the summer, when the temperature reaches 135 degrees at ground level, that much water would evaporate before you had a chance to blink. To build something so vast—an aqueduct that may stretch eventually to 333 miles, pumps that will lift the water 1,249 feet, four or five receiving

Text from CADILLAC DESERT by Marc Reisner
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Havasú Pumping Plant, 1985.

reservoirs to hold the water when it arrives—at a cost that may ultimately reach \$3 billion, perhaps even more, would seem to demand two prerequisites: that there would be demand for all the water, and that it be available in the first place. In Arizona, all of this has been an article of blind faith for more than half a century. Build the CAP, and the aqueduct will be forever filled because of Arizona's Compact entitlement [in November, 1922, the Colorado River Compact permanently divided the river's water among the seven basin states]; fill the aqueduct, and the water will be put to immediate use—that is what every politician who ever aspired to sainthood in Arizona has said. But there are a number of reasons why this will not be the case—perhaps not remotely the case. If anything, the Central Arizona Project may make the state's water crisis worse than ever before.

When the Colorado River Basin Storage Act was bottled up in the House Interior Committee in the mid-1960s, it wasn't just the Sierra Club and the Grand Canyon dams that were responsible. The dams, it was feared, might drag the bill down to defeat on the floor of Congress, but it

had to get out of committee first, and the bill's major hurdle there—a hurdle that seemed about fifty feet high—was California....

What California demanded as the price for acquiescence was simple—devastatingly simple. Before Arizona received a drop of its entitlement, it wanted its full 4.4 million-acre-foot entitlement guaranteed. As far as California was concerned, there would be no equitable sharing of shortages, no across-the-board cuts in times of drought; it wanted satisfaction no matter what.... It was an outrageous demand from Arizona's point of view, and few believed that its Congressional delegation would swallow it. But, in the end, they did.

"How do I explain it?" asked Sam Steiger, then a junior committee member from Arizona, repeating the question just asked of him. "I can't. Obviously a deal was struck. I was too junior to be in on it. Mo Udall, Stewart's brother, and John Rhodes were the ones in a position to do it. Why did they do it? The only answer I can think of is that they didn't really believe the river was overallocated—that, or else they really believed we were going to get an augmentation project, even with-

out Bridge Canyon Dam. The Bureau of Reclamation wasn't running around Capitol Hill crying, 'The river's overallocated! The river's overallocated!' I don't know what figures they were using, but we sure as hell weren't hearing the ones that came out a few years later. They made like there was plenty of water for everyone."

And so, before a real fight even developed over California's imperious demand, the CAP legislation became saddled with what is known as the California Guarantee; 4.4 million acre-feet or bust. Come drought, come calamity, California must be satisfied first.

A few years later, the Bureau was finally forced to admit that its estimate of 17.5 million acre-feet a year was a convenient fiction, and amended it to around 15 million acre-feet. A few years after that, even the latter figure looked optimistic; independent hydrologists were putting the Colorado's average flow at somewhere around 13 million acre-feet, perhaps a little more. Southern California was diverting its full 4.4 million acre-feet as it had for years. The upper basin had a diversion capability that had moved past 3.6 million acre-feet and was still

building moderately. Evaporation varies from year to year, but averages close to 2 million acre-feet from all the reservoirs on the main stem and tributaries; and Mexico must get its 1.5 million acre-feet.

Work these figures out and the Colorado River is almost used up if its flow is as low as some say. If the higher estimates are used, there are 2 to 2.5 million acre-feet left. Now consider the projects that are authorized and, in some cases, nearly built or being built. The Central Utah Project, the Animas-La Plata Project, the Dolores Project. The Fruitland Mesa Project. The West Divide Project. The Dallas Creek Project. San Miguel, Savery Pot Hook, Paonia, Florida, and the largest of them all, the CAP. Three or four of these could send the Colorado River into "deficit"; the rest will merely make the deficit hopeless. Everything has turned out exactly as could have been predicted twenty years ago—everything, that is, except the rescue project that was supposed to save the basin states from a Sumerian fate.

The prospects that an augmentation project would be built were already dim in the mid-1960s, before double-digit inflation, before double-

digit interest rates, before environmentalism, before deficits that have grown larger than the federal budget was then. Meanwhile, Northern Californians have grown so jealous of their "underused" rivers that in a 1982 referendum they emphatically refused to release more water even to the desperate supplicants in the southern half of their own state. The Klamath River alone has nearly as much water in it as the Colorado, and flows to the ocean almost entirely unused, and one could build a reservoir on it two-thirds the size of Lake Mead, but the odds of the Klamath River being rerouted to Southern California so that the Colorado Basin states can have more water are about the same as the odds of being bitten by a rattlesnake while crossing the street in Washington, D.C. If that is unthinkable, then the odds that Oregon's rivers will be turned southward are even less so....

Arizonans from now until eternity will be forced to do what their Hohokam ancestors did: pray for rain.

The Colorado Basin, then, is a few years away from permanent drought, and it will have to make do with whatever nature decrees the flow shall be. If the shortages were to be shared equally among the basin states, then things might not be so bad for Arizona. But this will obviously not be the case; there is that fateful clause stipulating that California shall always receive its full 4.4-million-acre-foot entitlement before Phoenix and Tucson receive a single drop. What began as an Olympian division of one river's waters, emerged, after fifty years of brokering, tinkering, and fine-tuning according to the dictates of political reality, as an ultimate testament to the West's cardinal law: that water flows toward power and money.

Despite one of the most spell-binding and expensive waterworks of all time, Arizonans from now until eternity will be forced to do what their Hohokam ancestors did: pray for rain. During wet cycles, when Lake Mead and Lake Powell are sending water down the spillways as they were in 1983, the Granite Reef Aqueduct may be delivering something close to peak yield. During drought cycles, the aqueduct may run half empty, if that, and the odds are extremely high that it will run progressively more empty as the years go by. It would be foolish, at

this stage, to surmise that all or even most of the upper-basin projects are going to be built, but a few of them are likely to be, and each one will cut into the CAP's supply. The Colorado River, to which Arizona decided to marry its future hopes, will prove no more trustworthy than a capricious mistress, delivering a million acre-feet one year, 400,000 the next.

And this, in turn raises a bizarre possibility, as unthinkable to modern Arizona as it was to the planners of the CAP: the people of Arizona may not even want the modest amount of precious water this \$3 billion project is able to deliver.

Would the water arrive, and arrive predictably and often enough, and be economical enough, so that anyone would want to buy it?

In 1980, one of the few people in the state who seemed to be asking this question was William Martin, an economist at the University of Arizona at Tucson. For having done so, and answering negatively, Martin had been accused in local newspapers of being a paid agent of California, where he was born. The dean of his department denied him merit raises for eight years, and even led a campaign to discredit his academic qualifications, though he wouldn't go quite so far as to try to have him fired outright.

Large and bearded, inclined toward jeans, cowboy boots, and western shirts, Martin looks as if he would feel more at home in the cockpit of a Peterbilt than at a professor's desk, even if his writings are nationally known. His first notoriety came in 1973, when he and a colleague, Robert Young—who was so wounded by the hounding he got that he opted to leave the state—published a book called *Water Supplies and Economic Growth in an Arid Environment*, an innocuous-sounding little tract which, in Arizona, was almost as revolutionary as *Das Kapital*. They first asked, as a matter of speculation, what might happen if the Central Arizona Project was not built. The underground aquifers, Young and Martin reckoned, would undoubtedly be depleted as the farmers continued to pump them out (in the 1960s, the rate of overdraft-use over replenishment climbed as high as 4 million acre-feet per year). As pumping costs rose due to the dropping water table, some farmers would begin to go out of business. But there was still enough water so that the decline would be very slow. Arizona's farm income, by Young and Martin's calculations, would be reduced by about one-fifth of one percent per year. The reason the decline in income would be so modest was self-evident: as pumped water got more expensive, the farmers would conserve it better and switch to higher-value crops, and they would do more with less. The

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Lining the CAP canal with concrete near Apache Junction, 1985.

way to see if the Central Arizona Project was worth building, then, was to see if each acre-foot of water it brought in would be cheaper than the value (in lost farm income) of each disappearing acre-foot from the aquifers. Martin and Young figured that every acre-foot that was being mined was causing a loss of \$5.35 in farm income—a conservative estimate, as far as they were concerned. Could the CAP deliver water cheaper than that? By the Bureau's own calculations, CAP water would cost at least \$10 per acre-foot without even figuring the cost of distributing it. As a result, the farmers would make more money if they continued pumping groundwater than if they bought water from the CAP. In fact, if the price of distribution systems—which the farmers would presumably have to build themselves—was as high as it promised to be, buying CAP water might be a ticket into bankruptcy.

Twice since then, Martin has repeated the analysis, and his results confirm his earlier conclusions—only far more emphatically. By 1977, the projected canal-side price of CAP water had reached \$16.67 per acre-foot. Add the cost of a distribution network, and farmers growing any kind of low-

value crops—alfalfa, small grains, perhaps even the state's main crop, cotton—could not afford it. In 1980, he and another colleague from the University of Arizona, Helen Ingram, did a detailed study, region by region, of the likely cost of distribution systems, and were amazed by what they found out. In one irrigation district, Maricopa-Stansfield, the price of the distribution system—hundreds of miles of canals and laterals, headgates, and people to operate them—would likely come to \$160 million, leaving each farmer a bill of \$100 per acre-foot of water per year just for distribution. The Bureau's canal-side estimate for CAP water had, by then, risen to around \$30 per acre-foot of water per year, so the total price of CAP water would be \$130 per acre-foot, per year. The price of pumped groundwater was nearly \$100 less per acre-foot at Maricopa-Stansfield—around \$39. It was an extreme case, but Ingram and Martin couldn't find a single irrigation district where CAP water promised to be cheaper than groundwater. In most of them, it would cost half again or twice as much, sometimes more. One of the main arguments the farmers had always made for the CAP was that

they couldn't all switch to high-value crops as the groundwater table went lower and pumping costs became intolerable. The American consumer, they said, could only eat so many lemons and oranges. But if Martin's figures were right, farmers who signed contracts to buy CAP water might not even be able to raise oranges on it. In 1980, about the only crop you could raise with water that cost \$130 per acre-foot was marijuana. [Now, water from the completed part of the CAP from Lake Havasu to Phoenix is running \$47-\$50 an acre-foot.]

But that was the good news. The bad news was that during periods of drought, with California guaranteed its full entitlement before Arizona received a drop, this incredibly expensive water might often not arrive. The Bureau's own projections showed "firm" CAP water dwindling from 1.6 million acre-feet at the beginning to 300,000 acre-feet or less in fifty years; only during wet years, or if the upper-basin projects are never built, will there be more. To think of the Central Arizona Project as salvation, then, is not just to stretch things a bit. For those groundwater-dependent farmers who will have to build distribution systems, at least—

and there are a lot of them—the Central Arizona Project could spell economic ruin.

Did Arizona's farmers realize any of this? One of William Martin and Helen Ingram's graduate students, Nancy Laney, traveled around the state to find out. To her astonishment, most of the farmers didn't. One of the farms Laney visited was the Farmers' Investment Corporation, a huge pecan-growing operation south of Tucson that is about as far from the diversion point on the Colorado River as one can be. If it arrives, CAP water will have surmounted a lift of well over a thousand feet and traveled more than three hundred miles to get there. Meanwhile, there is still plenty of water immediately under the farm, less than two hundred feet down. Despite the huge subsidies written into the CAP—as with any Reclamation project, the farmers are excused from paying interest costs—the groundwater is certain to be much cheaper, at least until the aquifer drops several hundred more feet. (The worst area-wide decline in Arizona's water table has been around two hundred feet, and that took decades to happen.) But the farm manager at Farmers' Investment expressed to

Laney his unalterable belief that "CAP water will be cheaper than pumping." "Water is essential," he said with religious conviction, adding that he "would back any plan where more water would be available." He had no idea what CAP water could cost him, but planned to sign contracts to buy it anyway. His state of knowledge and level of blind faith were not unusual. One farmer thought that the water was going to arrive by gravity instead of being pumped many hundreds of feet uphill. One believed that there was still enough surplus water in the Colorado River to turn the entire Grand Canyon into a reservoir—something he devoutly wished. Only two of the farmers Laney interviewed seemed to have a sense of things as they really were. One realized that Arizona's Colorado River water was jeopardized and thought it was high time we "took" Canada's surplus water to replenish it. The other said that even if it turned out he couldn't afford CAP water, he was going to sign a contract to buy it anyway, because "contracts are made to be broken."

In 1984, Congress began to demonstrate why the farmers might not be so foolish after all. Early that year, it voted to lend them \$200 million to help build distribution systems—an interest-free loan, as one might have expected, but the sum was only about half of what they would need, and there was a lot of resistance to lending them the rest. But they still weren't out of the woods. For one thing, the Indian water-rights issue was still substantially unresolved. There was a good chance that the white farmers would have to lease water from the Indians, who could well end up with most of the water in the CAP. The Ak Chin and the Papago tribes had recently settled with the Interior Department for 300,000 acre-feet, about the consumption of Phoenix. The Papago tribe's water will come directly out of the Tucson Aqueduct—water which the farmers, most of whom had conveniently ignored the Indian water-rights question, had always expected to get. More and more, the CAP was metamorphosing from an agricultural rescue project into an expensive atonement for travesties visited on the Indians, and, perhaps, into a municipal water supply project for Phoenix and Tucson—if they feel they can afford it.

"The cities in Arizona are going to get hit even worse than the farmers," Bill Martin told an interviewer in 1984. "The farmers at least get the interest-free subsidy, which is worth a fortune to them. They also get interest-free loans on things like the distribution systems. The cities get none of that. They pay full fare.

"Here in Tucson, we're already drawing groundwater out of neighboring basins because we've depleted ours, and we pay around \$430 per household, which seems like a lot. But most of that, I'd say around \$400, is to pay off the water mains, the infrastructure, the bureaucracy. It's a distribution cost. It only costs us \$30 or a little more to pump the water. But to pump CAP water all the way from the Colorado River to Tucson is going to cost at least \$250 per acre-foot; that's what the water is worth when you get rid of all the interest subsidies and so forth. Add \$250 to \$400, the distribution cost, and peo-

ple are going to be paying \$650 for water. There are families around here who only earn ten or fifteen times that much in a year. So what's obviously going to happen is people are going to conserve, and use a lot less water, and there will be less and less of a need for the CAP.

"It's already happening," Martin continued. "We've all gotten water-conscious, even if we weren't before. Tucson uses a third less water than Phoenix, because up there they still get cheap water from the Salt River Project. Once Phoenix starts paying \$600 a year, though, they're going to conserve just like we are."

But if the farmers can't afford the water, and the cities can't afford the water, then who is going to buy it and justify the whole expense?

"Damned if I know," was Martin's response. □

Excerpted from *Cadillac Desert: The American West And Its Disappearing Water*, Viking Penguin, Inc., New York, 1986. Marc Reisner was staff writer of the Natural Resources Defense Council newsletter from 1972 to 1979.

Ruthe Morand operates Archival Works in Tucson. Her photographs originally were published by the Center for Creative Photography.

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Bobbie Berger

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River's end: the Colorado joins the Gulf of California 136 miles south of Yuma.

THE LAST WAVE

The mud flats of the delta roar to life when the swollen Colorado meets the incoming ocean tide in a collision of forces that hasn't been seen in decades.

The pale green sea grass sways as the tide washes across the mouth of the Colorado River. I lie back in the canoe, weary and worn, and eye the slender blades of life. I cannot name the species; I'm a bust as a naturalist.

We have come days down the river with our paddles. We slipped into the current at Yuma, Arizona, 136 miles above where we now rock on the face of the ocean. At our backs is a place called the delta, a vast mud plain dead for half a century thanks to dams on the upper river and now briefly alive again because of heavy snows and a flurry of forces that have surprised and annoyed the Bureau of Reclamation. We have come down for a brief visit before the place returns to its tomb for another fifty year slumber. We wish to be astonished.

At low tide, the horizon is a brown pan of muck, at high, a line of water and never for an instant does the canoe stop shifting, sliding, slipping in the grip of currents.

Two hundred miles to the east across a hard desert, my house waits on a city street with a big dog snoring in the hard packed dirt yard. I struggle to believe in that house as a flight of white pelicans passes overhead, the sound a gentle swish of the wings, the bills of the males swollen with a protuberance that signals the mating season and the thickening of juices.

I almost always live in cities and I feel my best moments when I am away from cities and buried in the empty lands. Yet I do not leave town. There is a vital part of me that cannot forsake the cities. I crave them. I drive down Speedway and it is 2 a.m. on a Friday night and all four lanes are full of drunken kids cruising and older males struggling to make it home from saloons. Outside the topless bars, guys stand around in the parking lots dreaming of flesh, and near the carwash a squad car has a young blond kid spread-eagled, his black T-shirt sending a message of sullen contempt. The taxi drivers have

By Charles Bowden
Photography by Peter Kresan



New York eyes and the donut shops are full of faces bloated by drink. My truck radio roars with "Free Bird" by Lynyrd Skynyrd.

At other times I hear voices, powerful voices out of the earth, and I want to answer them. For brief moments nothing matters but the strange language thudding against my head from the deserts, mountains, canyons, bajadas and malpais. Often as not, I strangle these voices with theories, facts and work. But there are other times when I give in to the voices and admit that they are real and I go out there.

My legs are dotted with the bites of beserk insects and my eyes bloodshot from days of slow roasting in the sunlight. I have come here for reasons I cannot tell myself, much less others. But I have come.

The trip begins under the big bridge of Interstate 8 at Yuma. The sun heats up at midday and we load the canoe and push off into the current flicking by at five to eight miles an hour. I have not been in a canoe for sixteen years—Bill Broyles, my shipmate, has never been in one. I have flim-flammed him with claims about the ease of such craft. We flounder downstream learning the simple techniques of the paddles. The canoe handles like a garbage scow. We have rented it from U-Haul for \$40 a week and neglected to inform the company that we are taking its property into Mexico. We have neglected other matters also. We have no papers and will slip through the border without the seals and stamps that nations dote upon. This is very pleasing to me. We are a pirate ship and fly the flag of no government.

Power boats roar past, the occupants drunk with sun and the good beers of a Saturday afternoon. Tomorrow will be Palm Sunday, the

world spins into the clutches of a holiday. I settle down, the paddling becomes a rhythm, the river ceases to be water, depth, current, and exists as a serene flow. The banks are lined with rank grasses and scrub trees. The gallery forests of cottonwood have long ago been pillaged, the flood plain walled off by levees. We are in a tube that has replaced the historic river of red mud, the Rio Colorado. In a few hours, I see at least fifty great blue herons. Bill and I fall silent and savor the fantasy of beginning a true journey.

I eat a granola bar, I paddle, the cool water splashes against my legs. People stare from the banks, some wave. Pilot's Knob, a stone fist next to the channel, beckons ahead. We have been on the river two or three hours and we are now experts. A boat pulls up, a man leans over and warns, "Morales Dam is closed."

I nod knowingly, the small craft roars away.

We see a low wall of concrete ahead choking the river, a horizontal slab punctured by a dozen or more giant orange gates. The current picks up and we beat across it to the west side, ram the canoe against a steep dirt bank and Bill pops out for a look. He is gone a good while and then returns to report that a few gates near the east bank are open a tad. I glance over: two gates are up a couple of inches above the flow of the river and one looks to offer a gap of almost three feet.

If we duck, I venture, we can glide right under the gate. Bill hesitates—he has climbed Mount McKinley, crossed the Gran Desierto alone; he is no fool—and I slide into my pitch. Why portage? I begin. Why unload this scow and break the rhythm of the afternoon? Hell, maybe we'll have to duck but not much! No, not much! And in an instant we'll be past this obscene wall in our river and back in the movement to the sea. A piece of cake. Are we men or are we Devo?

We decide to recross the channel to the east

bank and take a closer stare at the open jaws in the dam through which the Colorado is roaring. I feel at ease, the paddle has become almost an extension of my arm, the muscle glows with warmth and we slice through the strong current and bump up on a finger of dirt rich with carrizo grass. I stumble out and plunge into the ten-foot-high growth. After twenty feet of thrashing, I give up.

I jump back into the canoe—don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes!—and explain my brilliant tactics. We will swing into the current, align the canoe with the only gate that is open more than a few inches, and then storm forward in a lightning strike. My face and body are red from the sun and I feel hot with energy.

As we push off the shore a big frog leaps from the bank onto our duffel, pauses briefly, studies our faces and then jumps blindly into the current. We laugh. Alas, I am at this particular moment ignorant of the folkways of the local Cocopa Indians.

The way to kill people is to get a frog, tie a black ribbon around the belly, and hang the frog up. Talk to the frog and give him the name of the victim. After three days, take the frog down and turn him loose....

We have apparently just been frogged. But I am so confident, so relaxed, so at ease with the river, that this fact slips by me. I hunger for the dam, for the rush of adrenalin when we shoot through its pretentious barriers. The canoe begins to drift left and is taken by the current. I am in the back and paddle furiously to regain the proper angle on the gate. The dam is coming closer and all this is happening much faster than I had planned. A charge of excitement courses through my flesh, and I have no objections to a single fact on the face of the earth. I paddle, my arms

become pistons, cool water splashes across my body. I lose my orientation. Which gate?

Everything is very near now, the water rushing through the steel teeth of Morales toward freedom. The canoe snaps left and yet moves forward; we are parallel to the dam—bad form. Bill turns back toward me and says something. I am beyond hearing things and the water drowns out all sound. We are slipping away from the gate that is open a few feet and toward the one with only an inch or two of clearance above the river. A concrete abutment pokes out between the two gates, the canoe hits it, I paddle hard but the craft slips toward the wrong gate, an orange steel wall, we slam against it, the current tips the canoe, Bill turns again—What is he saying?—water pours over the side, the thing capsizes and we go under.

I marvel at how green the water is and I wonder if I am going to lose my baseball cap. I reach up, feel the steel gate, go down again and bob up on the other side. I am wearing running shorts, a cotton T-shirt given me by a minister that states "ASSOCIATION OF CHRISTIAN TRUCKERS, Making straight a highway for our God, Isaiah, 40:3," running shoes and I still have my hat. All that is missing is a life jacket—I tend to be sloppy about details and forgot to bring one.

I grab desperately with one hand and seize a bar on the headgate. The water rips at me and tugs. I see Bill floating nicely with his lifejacket on, the canoe surfaces, he holds onto it and spins out of the jaws of the dam. He is drifting away, a slow moving vision of tranquility beyond the boiling water at the orange gate. I cling to the bar, he grows smaller in the distance, spins around a bend with the upside down canoe and is gone. A few seconds have elapsed—I cannot be sure, five seconds? Ten? Twenty?

Now all is reaction. I pull myself up on the huge gate, hand over hand, and climb. I seem to have the strength of a cave man, a very frightened Neanderthal. I can stand on the maze of iron braces that hold the gate together against the constant pounding of the river. My body begins to shrink, the wet cotton T-shirt sucks the warmth from my flesh and the chill of failure and fear lap against the miscellaneous organs of my guts. My hands grip the metal struts and lock hard. I am on the rim of assessing the situation, but not quite yet, first terror must stop rocking the floor of my mind.

I look down. Beneath me the water races through the open chute of the dam, a green tongue of boiling water. A few feet past the gate, two big whirlpools incise deep spirals into the river. I watch things shoot through the gate, hit the whirlpools, spin downward and never surface again. Some of the objects are pretty big. I think: you can't talk your way out of this one.

I climb higher on the gate and find the top an impossible barrier of cement. I climb down the gate, slip into the water and hang onto the steel with one hand. I think, if I can find a way through the current to the other side, perhaps then I can move laterally away from the open gate, slide off onto a closed one where the water will be still and somehow beat my way toward shore. But, of course, the force of the river will not let me do this.

I pull myself back up on the steel. Now the cold water, the soggy wetness of my T-shirt, begin to dampen the fires of my body. I must slow down, I tell myself. I must think. I must act, I tell myself. I must make a move. I look deep into the whirlpools and wonder at their power. It is difficult for me to judge and I wait for clues that



We have come down for a brief visit before the place returns to its tomb for another fifty year slumber. We wish to be astonished.

never come. The only object that can provide useful information is a human body. After awhile, I notice the pools part slightly, then spin back together, then part again. There is a rhythm to their commotion. I find twigs and sticks on the metal frame and toss them into the current to see how they fare with the whirlpools. I do not like the answers.

The sun is rich with energy and I climb up onto a part of the gate that catches the rays. This calms me. I still have my cap—it touts the Pep Boys, official wilderness gear. I recognize that hanging off the steel, the effect of the cold water and the many tiny probes of the experience all conspire to weaken me. Time is not on my side. I must act. But I wait, paralysis flooding my limbs. Somewhere in the canoe was a thick history book on the twentieth century I brought along to pass time, and now a quote from the text rises out of my spooked mind.

If you meet with difficulties in your work, or suddenly doubt your abilities, think of him—of Stalin—and you will find the confidence you need. If you feel tired in an hour when you should not, think of him—of Stalin—and your work will go well. If you are seeking a correct decision, think of him—of Stalin—and you will find that decision.

—Pravda, February 17, 1950

Thanks Joe.

I dive, the water pounds, I aim and stroke at the crack between the whirlpools and in an instant I am past. There is a sense not of relief but of having been kind of cheated. I flip on my back and ride the current downstream. My shoes hang like lead on my feet. The sky overhead is blue, very blue—I all but weep over the intense blue of that sky. I come upon a small island, really a glorified sandbar with big stands of carrizo grass and clamber up on the banks. I crash ahead into the growth, stomp out the other side and there is Bill in the canoe struggling upstream to check out

my fate. A short ways downstream the gear is stashed on shore. We paddle toward the ruins of our outfit.

I am now very weak and the fear comes back in the form of deep fatigue. I have swum through two whirlpools that never represented a real threat. I have damn near created the *Titanic* with my idea of zipping through the one open gate. Bill and I say little, though I imagine he has some thoughts he'd like to share with me. We assess our losses—one stove, a tent, some odds and ends and all my food, my beloved sunflower seeds and cans of Spam (look, Spam got us through a hard war)—and sprawl on the sand. Bill ambles down the river and returns with two beers pirated from some fishermen. We drink in silence.

Across the river, traffic hums down a road. A boy stands in the prow of a small boat and casts a seine. The Gulf waits more than 100 miles downstream, water rushes past near my feet. My little adventure has not disturbed the public order. Night falls, I sleep very deeply. At gray light we hear a chorus of tubas clearing their throats in Mexico. There is no explanation for this sudden assault of music. It is Palm Sunday.

We go on.

For decades, the river below Morales Dam has been mainly a trickle. Now it is a river again. The American bank snores in the dawn, once in a while a fisherman looks up, but mainly it is silence and machine manicured fields. On the Mexican bank, groups come down to the water to bathe—the men soaped and brown in the big river, the women stepping lightly down the levee in cotton dresses. Some men call to us to help them get across so they can have at those back breaking jobs in the United States. With the new river swollen with current, illegal immigrants now drown at a regular rate. We drift past.

We pull up on a mud flat. A few hundred yards south the fence of the border stretches. An



E. Tad Nichols

**I have come for this place,
the place where the eye says
there is nothing. Before me
lies the beating heart of a
world that scoffs at concrete
and steel.**

old man and a boy fish off the American levee. The man is gaunt, fifty-something, toothless and a fiend for catfish. He gives me some crackers which I devour like a starving dog. The boy asks us where the motor is on the canoe.

We say there is no motor.

"You'll drown," the kid offers evenly.

Bill stays with the canoe while I walk two miles into Luke, Arizona, for more grub. In the clumps of tamarisk I spot Border Patrol trucks waiting for their quarry. Every few minutes one zips out of the brush eager for a kill. In town, the supermarket is busy with Sonorans buying American chow—you can buy our foodstuffs but you must go home. I stock up on Maine sardines packed with hot peppers, a six-pack of Classic Coke, some cans of stew. Alas, there is no Spam and I feel robbed of my secret weapon.

At the fence, an American Little League game roars on. Three light green Border Patrol trucks are parked, the backs packed with Mexicans bagged nearby. Through the wire, I see Mexican kids playing in the dirt of Mexico. I look into the eyes of the brown men sitting silently in the government trucks and walk on. You can't leave the river for a moment, I realize, or you will be instantly imprisoned in the jail cell of twentieth century problems.

We load up the canoe and push off and soon slide into Mexico and under a bridge. A boy and his girl embrace on the bank. He turns his head to us, she looks up. The lovers seem shy, yet absolutely determined to explore the flickers of sensation firing their bodies. Her face is like a summer day. The shore is crowded with families strolling and picnicking and the river widens to hundreds of yards. Great blue herons squawk at our passage—a sound like a gravel truck talking. I look off to a sandbar and see eight of the big birds standing in a row. People fall away, the flow meanders, the breath of the wild appears. A log floats by, the end has been chewed by a beaver.

We slip along a steep cut bank, a burrowing owl stares out from a hole, swifts skim the surface, carp thrash in the shallows. We see no frogs though a few are heard at night, no turtles, no shore life in the muck. The river is sterile to many forms of life now, a soup of chemicals

spewing from the agri-businesses that choke it and drain it. Atop the high levee wall, a boy and his dog herd goats. The bells tinkle on the animals' necks and then the canoe knifes south and the silence returns. The dark snake is now 400 yards wide and clogged with egrets and herons, with killdeer crying on the sandbars.

Before we slipped into Mexico, the shores of the American section of the river were deathly still and all but deserted. Now I constantly hear the footsteps of people, the bells of goats, and rich clouds of salsa magic drift from the huts. I cannot face the fact of poverty because the merriment of life keeps getting in the way. The voices of children fill the air.

The delta itself is a battleground of forces. Two great faults, the San Andreas and the San Jacinto, collide here and beneath the plodding canoe the planet grinds and grinds. At the turn of the century, an earthquake sank a ship in the channel. At the mouth, one of the world's highest tides, twenty, thirty, forty feet at times, slams against the delta and the river and swamps the land. Soil from the delta coats the bottom of the Gulf for hundreds of miles south. And the sun bakes the earth beckoning wild thickets of life.

I am here now because I once read a book where the author touched on the delta for a page or two.

It is part of wisdom never to revisit a wilderness....For this reason, I have never gone back to the Delta of the Colorado since my brother and I explored it, by canoe, in 1922....On the map the Delta was bisected by the river, but in fact the river was nowhere and everywhere....

—Aldo Leopold, *A Sand County Almanac*

We make twenty miles each day, pull up on sandbars, cook and sleep. One dusk, a muskrat swims in the water near my sleeping bag and killdeer prance a few feet away. I light a candle, read, the river purring four feet from my head—a dreamer in a slender channel of the wild. Finally, I snuff the candle and let the night come down. Dinner is a can of Dinty Moore stew. The

mosquitoes sing and drink my blood and I do not resist.

We paddle south, the river begins to tighten again between steep banks. Red-winged blackbirds hang from the cattails. I am stunned by the power of the red slash on the pitch-black wing.

We are thirty miles below San Luis when the *panga* men first appear. The term *panga* describes a kind of boat with a high freeboard and a generous lip on the prow, a craft fashioned by encounters between Mexican fishermen and the Gulf of California. With the river alive again, the fishermen have returned to the delta to plunder the sudden bloom of fish.

We see two *pangas*, one towing the other, the engine struggling against the current. A man on the prow casts off a line with something on it. Nothing happens, the men move on and drift slowly past us. One looks over and asks if we are having motor trouble. We gesture that we are the power source and wave our paddles. The man smiles, holds a hand out and rocks it from side to side—the gesture of hard work. And then they are gone.

In a while we catch up with the two boats. This time a boy is teetering on the prow. I munch a granola bar and watch with idle interest. The boy tosses something out. The air is white with noonday glare—a poor time to fish, I think—the water brown. I look over the canoe side and think a man could walk across this stuff like an oak floor.

Suddenly, the surface explodes, big bass—fifteen pounds or more—and catfish and species we do not know all flounder on the top, their bodies rocking and twitching, the slap of their tails sending a smack across the channel. The second boat now revs up and races here and there as the men dip nets and take the fish. The river is a frenzy of action. I can see the scales on the heads of the big bass, perfectly etched plates.

The men and boys take dozens and dozens. The *panga* men are electrocuting the fish with a line hooked to a car battery. This practice has spread in the last half dozen years (I learn later), and the technique supposedly was picked up by watching American marine biologists gather specimens on the river. File under the cultural exchange program.

Along the way, I lose my watch, always a good sign, and time goes into a pleasant stall. I paddle, eat, drink, sleep, dream. One evening the full moon rises as a gold disc. One morning a great blue heron pecks away near my sleeping bag. The river forks and we take the east branch. Soon the channel braids, the water goes slack and on all sides trees are standing in the water. We are in a maze. We paddle, drift, meander. The engines of the *panga* men snarl from the lagoons and once in a while we glimpse them. Their faces are dark, brown and Indian looking. They have no time for conversation and tend to the glories of their electric power.

We begin to notice raccoon tracks on the patches of mud. The outline is sharp, the tiny paws plunge deep into the muck. We are not alone. Delta, delta, delta. Location is a matter beyond our command. We are on the eastern edge of the big bog and that is about all we know. We trend southward, branches whip across our faces; we figure something will turn up. Herons fuss in the trees, squawk and fly away. There is no dry ground, none. We split a can of Classic Coke and let the sun bake us.

The water beneath the canoe is dead; the river has lost its urge to join the sea. We stop paddling, lie back in the canoe. The sun blazes white and there is no sound in the midday stall of heat. My legs are red, my face is dirty, my mind is blank. I trail my fingers in the water amazed at the cool beads glistening on my flesh. This is when the visions are supposed to come, the magic flash of insight and salvation. I am not ready for salvation. I once visited a Papago shrine with an Indian friend and he would not get too close to the mound of ocotillo limbs and stones.

"I am not clean," he said.

I am in the delta but I am not clean. I am not ready. The herons fascinate me with their size, their grace in flight, their gawkiness as they stand on the top of a tree. But my brain seems to remain on Speedway. I drift, the sun fires my skin, my corrupted head continues to buzz with snatches from books.

...instantly introduce mass terror, shoot and transport hundreds of prostitutes who get the soldiers drunk, ex-officers, etc. Not a minute to be wasted.

—Lenin, telegram, August, 1919

We paddle again. After a few hours, we come upon trailers half buried by the waters—an American sportsmen's camp now reclaimed by the Colorado. I eat a can of sardines with jalapenos. At sunset we reach the bottom of the swamp and a canal cuts in from the west. We pull the canoe out on the levee and make camp. From here on, the river as a tree-clogged maze ends and the Colorado assumes the character of an ocean estuary—deep channel, flat pans of salt-flecked mud. I light the remaining stove, savor a cup of hot cocoa while below the levee *panga* men go about their business of electrocuting fish. Night falls and four packs of coyotes set up a howl.

The tides own the river now. I awaken at midnight under a bright moon and see sandbars as the Colorado is sucked out to sea. This world is flat, brooding, salt flaring off the skin of earth, and simple, very simple. I have come for this place, the place where the eye says there is nothing. Before me lies the beating heart of a world that scoffs at concrete and steel. I have long had recurring fantasies of reaching into this world. In the city, I drive up Campbell Avenue almost every day and the Catalina mountains fill my windshield as a sullen hulk of stone. The

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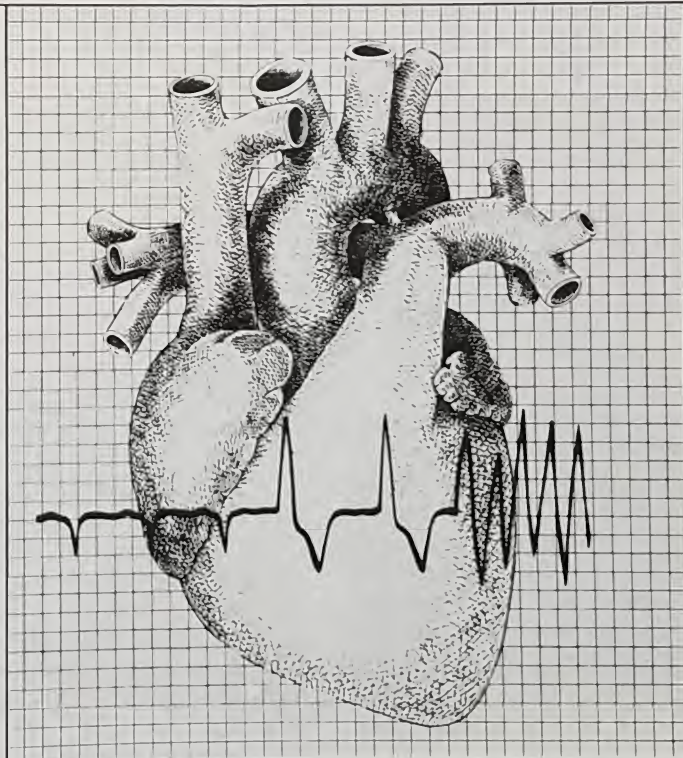
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stoplight goes red, I sit in my truck, motor idling, and I often have this dream of flooring the pedal and going straight into the mountain—not through some safe, concrete lined, fluorescent lit tunnel, but straight into the stone, soil and fabric of the range. The rock will yield, it will not resist, it will be viscous like oil, solid but penetrable like taffy, and I will glide inward and be inside the rock and know all the mysteries. I will get beyond and beneath the jagged skin the range offers the city as a skyline. But then the light clicks green and I go about my errands and this notion slips away into some trash can where the brain tosses such foolishness.

In the moonlight staring off into the tidal flats of the Colorado that stretch south toward the Gulf, the same appetite reappears and the pull is very strong. With the dawn, I dream of leaping into the canoe and gliding forward into the very heart. I will cease to be a visitor and be taken completely by the land.

I sit up at gray light and see a muscular torrent climbing high on the walls of the levee. We go and the current flings us toward the Gulf. Long lines of white pelicans lance overhead. The river is 200 yards wide, the banks five feet to ten feet and steep. There are no trees; the earth is a flat of salt and dirt.

No talk, no talk at all. I use the paddle as a rudder and we ride the power of the moon. The *panga* men disappear, the motor sounds vanish. The skin on my hand cracks, a long deep gash opens up on the ankle. These wounds appear suddenly and without any past. A coyote drinks from the river. We float past, he looks up, studies us for a moment and returns to his drink. His every hair is perfect.

The books say this is magic ground. In 1826 a certain Lt. Hardy and his ship *Bruja* were left beached near here for weeks by tricky tides. The local Indians showed up to marvel at the big wooden monster.

...the old woman, who appeared to be considered a witch by her countrymen, commenced her incantations. She began with a leathern bag...which she shook, and then commenced a low humming noise....I now began to suspect the plot was ripe...and I therefore ordered every man to his arms....The song of enchantment immediately ceased....I approached the old woman and made a sign for her to begone....And then turning her back upon us she sang, as she slowly passed away....As for the words I knew nothing of them....

I want to know what the old woman was saying.

Big chunks of the bank fall off like icebergs caving off a glacier, crash into the river and shoot up white fists of water. The sound slaps across the morning stillness and we run a gauntlet of plummeting slabs.

We have come for the bore. The head of the Gulf has high tides—thirty or forty feet at some phases of the moon—and when this tide meets the drive of the Colorado it slides up on top and storms upstream as a wall of water: the tidal bore. In the nineteenth century, the bore took an unsuspecting steamer to the bottom of the river.

Midday, sun white, current slowing. We pull over, drag the canoe up the high bank and begin the final countdown. Clumps of tamarisk cower in depressions, tiny crabs flee my shadow. I look out at a mud flat, stroll a bit and crack the soil with my bare feet. Coyote tracks trail off to the west. I wiggle my toes, the dirt crumbles a rich brown, the surface dappled with salt. A flicker grabs the edge of my eye, I wheel, three hundred yards

off a coyote slowly pads across the emptiness. He stops, glances at me, continues. I do not bring my binoculars up: there is nothing more to learn in the details.

Toward the sea a flat horizon snaps against the sky. Westward mountains rise behind the delta, sand dunes licking yellow tongues up the stone flanks. Everything is pale under this white sun. I sit down, I think of nothing. White light, flat ground, blue sky. My chest is brown, drops of sweat roll down it. Motion. The wind stops my ears with a steady sighing off the land. I hear nothing but the wind.

I am wrapped in the peace of heaven but what I want is violence, the hand of the earth at my throat and the sense of powerlessness that always convinces. The engineers can dream of conquering rivers, mountains, canyons. I do not. Once I was in a twenty-foot boat fishing off Guaymas with friends and a Mexican guide when the motor began to sputter and fail. We finally got it started and proceeded toward port, porpoises leaping off the prow, a gray whale lumbering past like a steam ship. The guide wore an anxious face and then the sky to the west went black, the waves came up and we all pitched in to

We almost miss our moment. Bill shouts, I turn hard, a rumble faintly plays downriver.

bail out the boat. The storm moved toward us, a dreaded *chubasco*, and as we swung before the high cliffs of the shore, the engine briefly died and we barely kept off the hungry rocks. The guide's knuckles went white at the wheel, the porpoises vanished. When we made port, a dozen Mexican men were standing on the dock and their eyes said they had figured us for lost. Fifteen minutes after we tied up, the storm struck the land like a banshee and the city went black as the electric lines snapped. You don't forget such a display of power or such a sense of weakness or wonder why fishermen pray. The decade-old memory remains fresh in my mind and is not one of fear, but of relief and recognition: so that is how the cards are really cut beyond the safe city streets.

We almost miss our moment. Bill shouts, I turn hard, a rumble faintly plays downriver. Then the wall, five feet high, rolling, tumbling, churning, a wall white with energy and stretching from bank to bank. Behind it stand waves—one, two, three, four, five, six, perhaps seven. The wall passes, the river instantly comes up five or six feet and then continues to climb. I walk down to the bank, now a foot or less above the water. I sink my toes into the warm ooze of mud and glance upstream where hundreds of white pelicans doze on a sandbar. The bore approaches, the big birds lift off in a flurry of white, then the sandbar is gone. There is nothing but the river storming inward toward the heart of the West.

The current is fat with wood, brush, chunks of trees. I have no idea where they have been gathered but now they are flashing past and heading upriver. We must wait, the current is going the wrong way for us and mocks our paddles. This is good. The tidal flat is world enough and we sit in silence for hours and bake and watch the white heat sizzle on the pans of salt. The horizon shimmers with the green rash of young tamerisk. We talk briefly about the excitement of the bore

and then fall silent again. It is not a thing for speech.

At last the current goes slack and then begins to ebb seaward. We push off and go downriver again. The banks continue to collapse, small booms and then a splash. We paddle near, watch big slabs pitch forward and hit a half-dozen feet from the canoe. Punta Invencible slips past and with each mile the channel increasingly feels like ocean. We see a slight break in the big wall of the east bank, pull over and drag the canoe to high ground for the night.

The bore will return after midnight and we hunger for its visit. The sun goes down, then a full moon rises over Sonora, blood red, the reddest moon of my life. Mosquitoes awaken and feed on me. I watch the moon shift from red to gold to white. A can of sardines is dinner, the oil an elixir sliding down my throat. The wind has died and nothing challenges the silence. I pull the night around my shoulders like a cloak. I am no longer visible. There is just night.

Bad rumble, distant crash, an energy rips apart the night. We hear this sound nearing for several minutes. Bird cries rise up in startled choruses. I catch the wingbeat of pelicans just above my head, turn downriver and face a crashing white line. The river begins to rock with anticipation, the line advances, a silver slash across the channel, a glowing thing rich with moon. Gulls wheel in the air just before the bore and feed off the fish churned up by its march. The wall arrives, passes and sound disappears upstream into the night. Suddenly coyotes begin to howl.

We know this trip has ended. We do not mention this fact, it is too obvious for talk. We will descend to the sea, glance at the low sand islands at the mouth, pause at Shipyard Slough where the steamboats were once tended, witness the blue congress of thousands of crabs, step from the canoe into a mud that rises up to our hips and strokes us with warm ooze, stall in the bed of sea grass at high tide and wonder at exact botanical identity of the pale green blades swaying in the rising water. But this is itinerary. The trip has ended with the midnight bore and there is nothing left but the mopping up.

We fight hard against the open sea and make the Sonoran port of El Golfo at sunset. We harness the canoe to our shoulders and drag the craft a half mile or more across the tidal flats left by the ebbing waters. The mud crackles under my feet as I stomp a carpet of clam shells. The entire flat is red with sunset and the canoe leaves a trail exactly like the cut of a big knife.

Three wheel ATVs race up and down the beach, the men in shorts and white T-shirts, the women in shorts and halters.

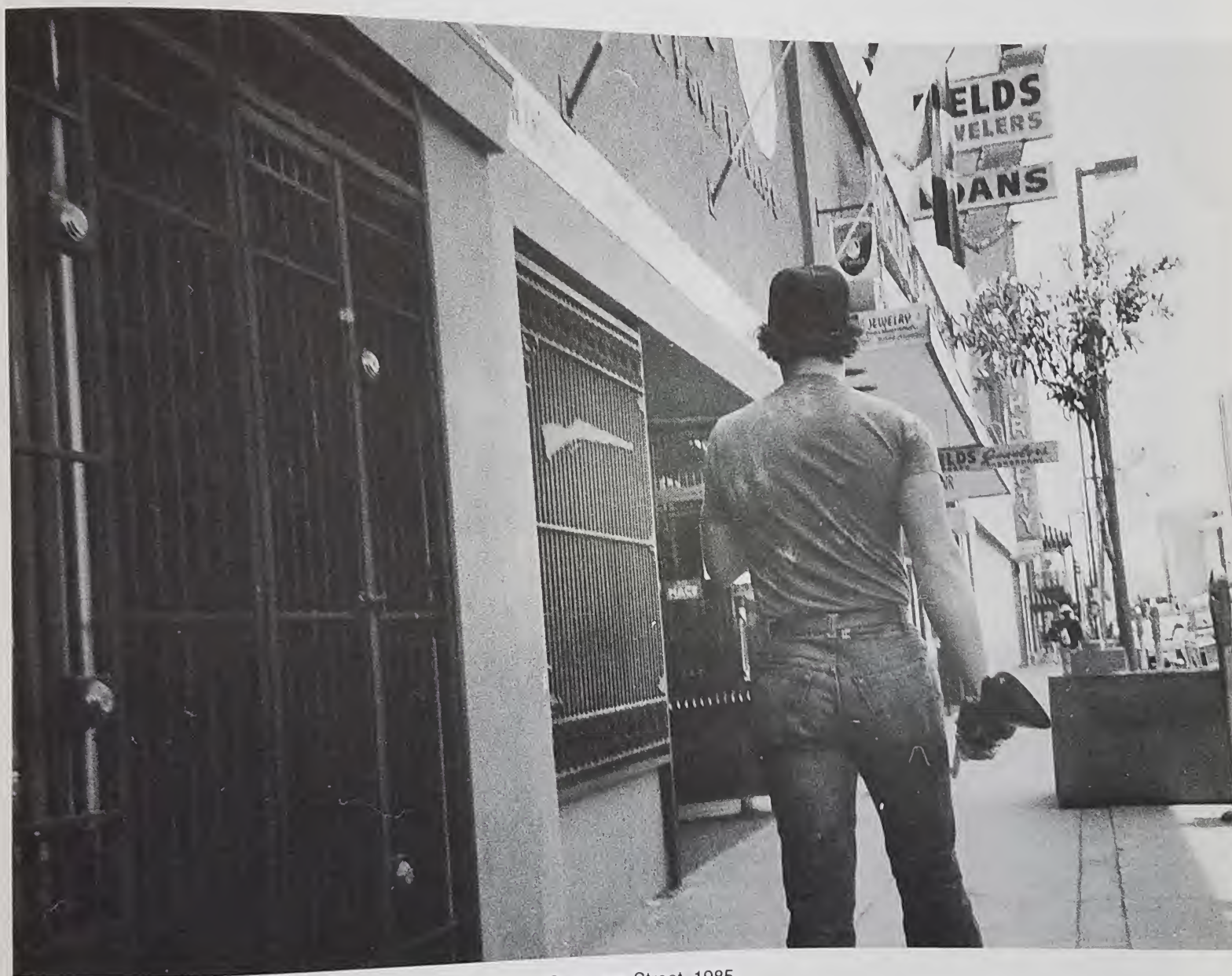
I devour a can of sardines and drink cup after cup of coffee. Night falls and lights flicker off the shrimp fleet. I do not light my candle lantern, I do not read. Bill and I hardly talk about the cycles racing up and down the beach. Somehow it does not matter.

There is one more thing. That night we sleep on the beach and the tide rolls in and the flats disappear again. About 1 a.m. I awaken and watch a coyote walking down the shore in the moonlight. The coyote seems unconcerned and comes within fifteen feet of my body stretched out on the white sand. I sit up and wonder if he is rabid. He moves with absolute ease and his fur is good. He stops, briefly considers me, hikes his leg and urinates. And then continues his amble up the coast and out of sight.

Message delivered. □

STRAIGHT SHOTS

HAL GOULD: DOWNTOWN



Congress Street, 1985.

Hal Gould, 33, makes his living selling pictures. The photos on these pages represent what he can't sell, the work he does for himself. His first photo was published when he was a Cub Scout and his heroes with a camera are Robert Frank, Henri Cartier-Bresson and Eugene Smith. He thinks his work springs from the fear that he might wind up like many of the people he records, on the street. He has been in Tucson seven years.

STRAIGHT SHOTS



6th Avenue underpass, 1986.



Dumpster, 1986.

STRAIGHT SHOTS



Tucson Liquors on Fourth Avenue, 1983.



Congress Street Grill, 1984.

STRAIGHT SHOTS



The Buffet on Ninth Street, c. 1983.



Paramount Theater, 1986.

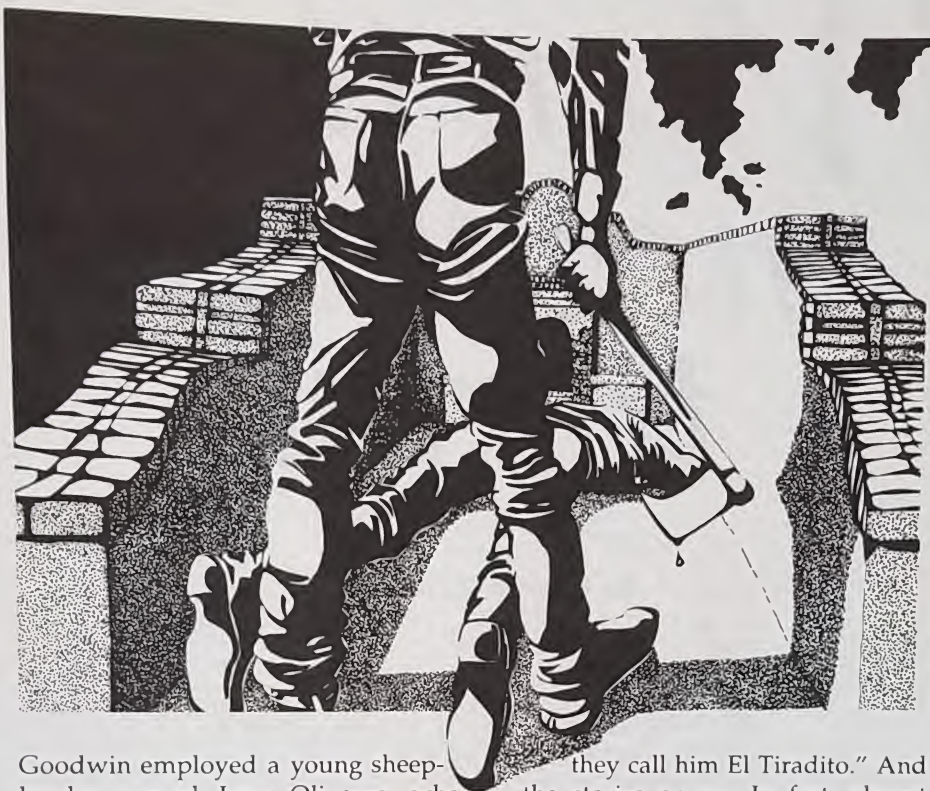
El Tiradito

By Jim Griffith

Tucson may well be the only city in the inland United States in which the farther east you go, the closer you get to Southern California. Follow Broadway from the Santa Cruz River to Kolb Road and see what I mean. It isn't so much the change in style as the rapid change and lack of community that comes across more and more strongly as one heads east. Downtown may be dying, changing, rebuilding or whatever you like, but it has qualities that I find totally lacking in the development of our East Side. It is to the West Side that we must go for community and for continuity—for those few places which still provide a link with what Tucson once was, and, to the extent that we allow and encourage it, still can be.

One of these places is El Tiradito, The Wishing Shrine. Located on Granada just south of Cushing Street, El Tiradito is part of nineteenth century Tucson that has survived to the present day. It consists of a three-sided adobe wall with a niche in the center, a few battered religious statues, several wrought iron candle racks, and some candles in glass holders. What you see isn't very old. The arrangement of objects keeps changing; the weathered adobe walls were constructed in 1940 under the auspices of the Neighborhood Youth Administration. The site itself is not the original one (it was donated to the City of Tucson in 1927, at which time an "official legend and story" was designated by the City Council). But people, place and tradition come together here in a special way.

There are in the Folklore Archives at the University of Arizona more than twenty different accounts of what happened here. This is the "official" one: In the 1880s, Dr. F.H.



Goodwin employed a young sheepherder named Juan Oliveros, who lived on Goodwin's ranch with his wife and father-in-law. Juan had become infatuated with his mother-in-law, who lived in Tucson, and one day he was visiting her when his father-in-law, unsuspecting, surprised the couple in their adulterous love. The young man was violently evicted from the house and in the ensuing struggle the father-in-law seized an ax from the woodpile and killed him. The murderer fled to Mexico and Juan was buried where he had fallen, the site of El Tiradito.

If you don't like that one, how about this? There was an old woodcutter who had his house on this site, which was then outside the Tucson city walls. He recently had married a lovely young woman from Sonora, but knew nothing about her family. One day he returned from work with his ax and burros when he found his bride sitting on the porch chatting familiarly with a young man. Overcome with jealousy, he took his ax and murdered them both, discovering too late that the man was his wife's brother who had come visiting from Sonora. He killed himself in a fit of remorse and all three were buried where they fell.

Or this one? "El Tiradito (The Little Cast-away One) was a poor fellow who was murdered and thrown off the train, and that's why

they call him El Tiradito." And the stories go on. In fact, almost the only point of agreement in all of these accounts is that someone was murdered at or near this spot, and buried where he or she fell. There is one more detail—the most important of all. Whoever is buried here has the power to intercede with God. And if someone keeps vigil here all night long (or nowadays, if a candle burns all night), worthy prayers may be granted, needs fulfilled.

In short, this is a place where power may be tapped into. Here is another account of a few years ago, from a boy living nearby: "There's this wishing shrine down by the Community Center. This old man was killed, and if you want something real bad, like if you want a new car or if you're in the third grade and want to pass into the fourth, you go there and tell the old man that if you get it you'll go and light a candle for him." This gives a clue to what this place is all about—it's a source of power outside the network of formal institutions that we call The System.

Let's bring things up to date. In 1971, the Butterfield Freeway was planned to cut through several of the surviving residential barrios on the Southwest Side. Neighborhood groups were formed, but prospects for halting the freeway seemed dim at best. According to some people I've


talked to, it was only when El Tiradito was made a National Historic Landmark that the freeway was defeated. More power—this time the power of people coming together around a symbol.

Like everything else in Tucson, El Tiradito is changing. But it's still there, still used. I've never visited it when there wasn't a candle or two burning, though I've never actually seen anyone light a candle there.

El Tiradito isn't unique to this region. Nogales, Sonora, has Pedro Blanco, a young soldier who was murdered while returning home one night with his winnings from gambling, and Tita Gomez, who was killed by her boyfriend on a hill south of town. Each granted miracles—for a time. Their cults no longer seem to be active. And then there is Juan Soldato of Tijuana, who was judicially murdered in 1938 to cover up a crime committed by his commanding officer. His cult, complete with legend, photographs and statues, has spread eastward, and there even is a chapel dedicated to him on the highway south of Magdalena. Similar individual shrines, legends and beliefs exist all through Latin America.

I doubt that anyone will ever find out exactly what happened at El Tiradito or wherever it did happen. But what remains—a place, some candles and offerings, a stretch of dirt richly soaked by years of candle wax, a set of legends and beliefs both old and new—these are close to the soul of this community. Of course it's all changing—what isn't? But the feeling of mystery, of a link of some kind both with the past and with some sort of power—that is still there. It can't be preserved the way the site can. But if it ever goes, a lot of Tucson will be gone, too. □

Jim Griffith directs the Southwest Folklore Center at the University of Arizona.



When there's nowhere to run

By Bernice Davidman

Bernice Davidman, is fifty-three, a mother and former high school teacher now studying for a master's degree in social work. In 1985 and 1986 she served as a volunteer at Hospice, a place for the terminally ill, "to feed my soul." She wrote down her feelings to understand herself. The names have been changed.

My mother died of lung cancer when I was one month short of six years old. This I know because I would go through my father's desk drawers and I found her death certificate. I have one memory. I was taken to the hospital to see her. I remember a bed, a woman in that bed attached to something with many tubes, my aunts and uncles surrounding that bed. Lots of white. And in my memory, my family told me to leave and I went to a balcony, crying, and my older brother comforted me. When I was a young teenager, I remember finally getting up the nerve to talk to my father a little bit about my mother's death and my memory. He told me then that I ran from that room, refusing to stay. And so I suddenly learned that my memory could be wrong. The visual was correct but the motives and explanations had been changed so that I would feel no guilt for having run from my mother.

Helen

Helen was a nonstop smoker, but totally non-

judgmental about my constant attempts to stop my own smoking. She had been tired for a year, working long hours for her boss, and eventually contracted pneumonia. That pneumonia eventually was diagnosed as lung cancer which spread, so she also developed a brain tumor. And Helen prepared herself for death.

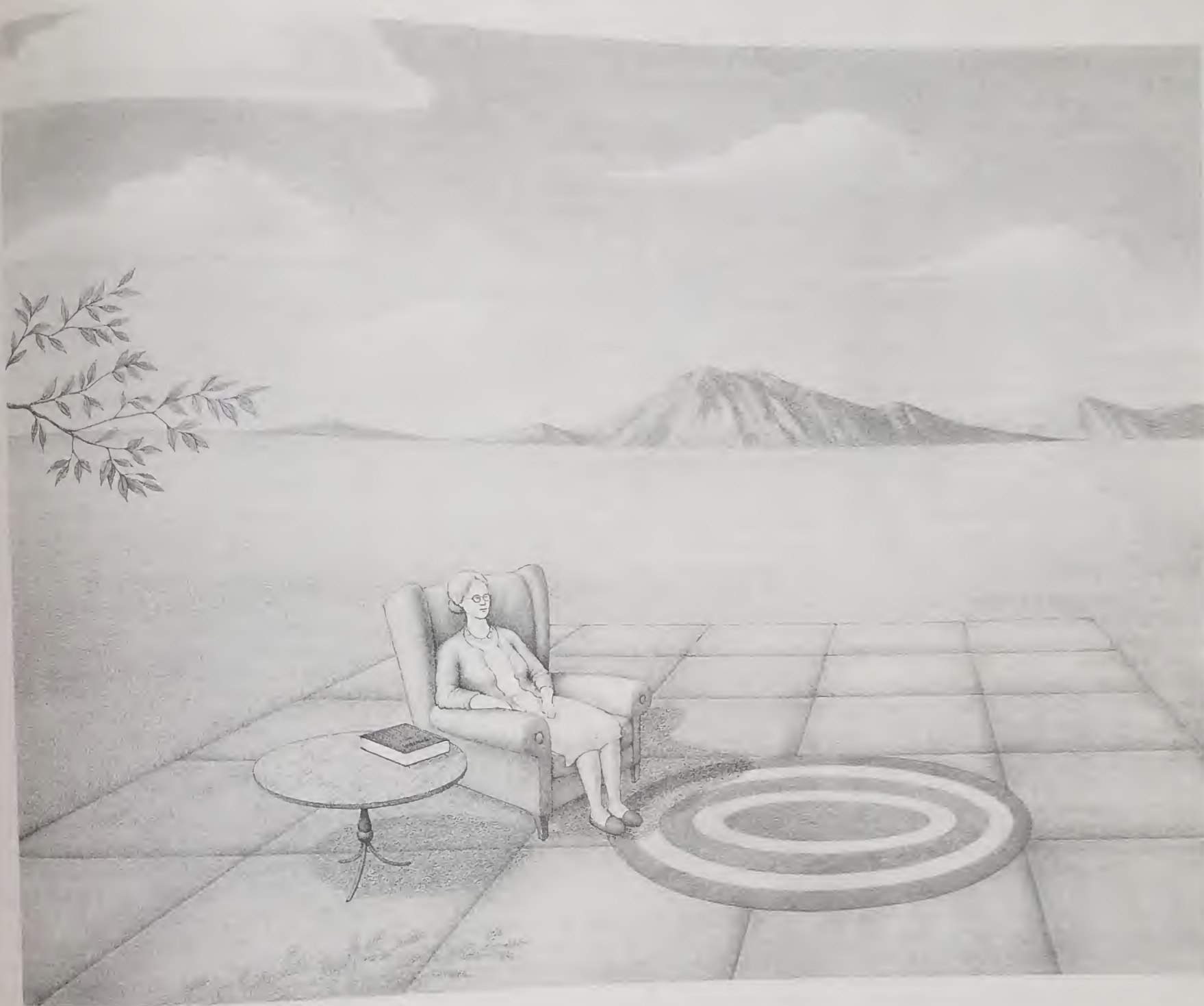
But the doctors told her she had a good chance to live so she had her brain surgery, her chemotherapy, her medications and stopped dealing with death. Gentle Helen would never question what the doctors said and as she started going downhill, her doctor didn't believe in the Hospice program and her family didn't argue. I saw a family fraught with conflict, anger, expectations, exhaustion. Helen remained medicated and had no time to deal with her death.

I visited Helen as often as I could. I learned that cancer patients often think they are ugly to look at and therefore do not want visitors. I learned that approaching death does not

necessarily bring a family together. Helen denied herself in life, and she denied herself in death.

Raul

Quiet night on the unit, pre-Christmas, large boxes labeled "Hospice" waiting to be opened. Four patients, two nurses, yet the nurses seem to need to talk tonight. One had just returned from California where she had brought her uncle home to die from terminal cancer. She was concerned that he would try to commit suicide. His father and two brothers had, so we talked about the ethical issue of suicide. It reminded me of my mother-in-law, when she started "losing it," became confused, could no longer live alone and had to be placed in a nursing home. She begged me to kill her, to get some pills and kill her. I told her it was murder and my heart went out to her. The nurse shared that she took the pills that her uncle had come home from the hospital with and placed them away from the bed. That way he could not overdose by merely grabbing them with



her then being an accessory.

Dear Raul, skin and bone, huge brown eyes staring out, gracious, doesn't want to trouble anyone, waits so he can smoke his cigarette, hands trembling. He needs someone in the room to make sure that he doesn't burn the place down. Bizarre humor as I keep putting the back of the bed up so he can drink some coffee. He keeps telling me "more, more." If I finally say that if I keep doing "mas" he will go flying out of bed and into the wall, he chuckles because he is also playing. Incredible how with Spanish, a few words of English, the inimitable "okay," his eyes, his hands, his body, he communicates totally. He is in pain. I can tell from the grimaces. The nurse is to bring him pain shots. I wipe his forehead and let him know that we love him. He kisses my hand and says, "I love you." His kindness and pixie personality shine through an emaciated body.

Elizabeth

Amazing what confusion not only does to

people who experience it, but to the people who are confronted with it. Elizabeth, former lawyer, educator, wandering the halls of Hospice, into the rooms of other patients, being angry if anyone calls her "honey" or "sweetie" or "dear." "Don't call me that," she says.

Later a friend, a brother from one of the Catholic orders, brings her pajamas and undershirts. They are men's. It seems she prefers to wear men's pajamas and undershirts. A look crosses a nurse's face. Implication: is she a lesbian? What does it matter what she wears? She's going to die.

The nurse explains to me that Elizabeth is in transition and at times there is a terrible clarity as she understands where she is and what is happening to her. At other times, she is confused, angry at being here.

I see her enter the kitchen. I deliberately stay reserved, speak concisely, clearly, very business-like. I want to show her that I am going to respect her space and address her as a thinking person, an

independent person. She thanks me for my innocuous help around dinner. (Elizabeth, I put the ice cream in your freezer. Do you want it now? If you want it later, just let me know.) I leave the room. I wander back in every so often, see her eat with a fork, eat with her fingers. And I leave her be.

I hope to see Elizabeth again. She fascinates me.

Two weeks later

Last night I saw Elizabeth again, sitting in the hall, head back, eyes rolled in her skull, mouth open, bad smelling, seemingly comatose. I sat with her and talked and talked. I thought she might be dying but there is still life.

Note

I want to be important. I guess that is where it's at. How silly.

Victor

It was a busy night. Victor's family was there.

sitting out in the hall, tense, anxious, body language extremely tense, faces depressed, each one somehow isolated from the other. Victor is almost in a fetal position, severe arthritis through the spine with lung cancer now spreading throughout his body. Victor, who only last week was walking with his walker and talking. Victor, who had gone to the hospital for symptom control and now suddenly, when the family was in no way prepared, was dying, actively dying, and they were in shock. And the truth of it is that in some way we are never really prepared. Victor's wife told me that they had been married almost fifty-two years, had gone many places and that he had had a good life.

For me it was breakthrough evening, because I forced myself to talk to the family, to actually say to his wife, "Are you ready to let him go?" I also talked to the daughters and before I knew it I was sharing about Helen and was close to tears myself. Dear, sweet Victor in a fetal position, your pain and your family's pain reached me.

Carol

It happened quite a while ago and I guess that's the only way I could write about it, give it time to settle, remove myself from it. When I became a volunteer, I imagined that my primary work would be comforting, holding hands, talking, and even though during the training when they went into various diseases and some of the symptoms, I never really thought of it in the sense that it would touch me.

I wash my hands more often than I used to. A part of me just isn't there when I see the feces, the open sores, the bags with urine and feces, the emaciated bodies, the swollen legs, arms, stomachs, so swollen that liquid is coming out of them constantly (otherwise I think they would burst). All the symptoms have names, names that were totally foreign to me when I started and now after two years, some of them are familiar but still foreign.

I'm not a nurse, nor did I ever want to be. I think my best training comes from having been a parent. When you spend years cleaning the bottoms of infants, from normal to diarrhea, when you spend years fixing the sores, the sprains, the broken bones, you get an ability that comes into play when you deal with sick adults. I guess I didn't mention the vomit particularly because each of us has our own Achilles heel and I always had difficulty when my own kids threw up. It created a desire in me to do it too—yet I never did. Somewhere in us is an unbelievable control over our body that we can call on when we need it.

And so it was one evening when Sister and I went to take care of Carol. She was thin, in pain, and we moved her gently. She had been turned on her side and I was holding her body so that Sister could wash, lotion and massage her back while I talked to her. Her face turned downward, almost over the side, when she started to cough and vomit. Most of it splashed on the floor, not too much, not too messy, some on my sneaker, but not much. And I told Sister. Of course she heard it and asked me calmly what color it was. I said brown and we assumed it was blood. Then Sister came over, blanched and said, no, it was fecal matter.

We started the process of cleaning up, Sister doing most of it, and actually it was a blessing in that most of it landed on the floor and we didn't have to change linens. I remained calm, almost out of it emotionally. Yet later that evening while I was in the office I knew Sister was revolted and doing the best she could to shake the feeling of revulsion as it was permeating her attitude and

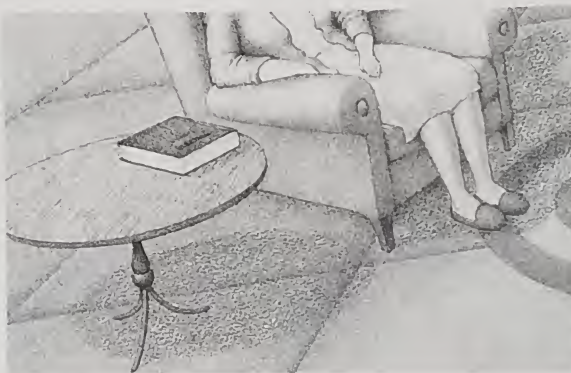
work. When she came in I hugged her, because on some level I knew she needed the loving and the caring. And then of course we talked and the nurse told me it was not unusual. When blockage in the bowels gets that great, the feces needs a place to leave from and just backs up and comes out of the mouth.

Of course, it means the patient is near death. But for me it was incredible. Never had I imagined that such a thing was possible. And again I wondered at the remarkable abilities of nurses and doctors who see things that we never even conceive of. For me the image of Carol throwing up would come back from time to time, though I would try to put it to rest.

Just as our souls leave our bodies, so too, do our bodies relieve themselves of excess excrement, wastes, in a final outpouring so that the body too can finally come to rest.

Doris

I remember how tired I was that day, wondering if I was coming down with the flu and should cancel my night at the Hospice. I also wondered if Doris K. was still alive. Doris, opinionated, strong-willed, demanding, frightened, sometimes easy, sometimes difficult, a person I had grown to love. When I arrived, I met Sue in the hall and she told me Doris was nearing the end.



I rushed upstairs to find Sister reading the Bible to Doris. I quickly sat down and started speaking Yiddish, a language that Doris knew as a child, a language that she and I shared on occasion. Her eyes were open, her breathing was difficult, one arm kept fluttering, but she allowed me to keep my hand with hers. And I started talking and talking and talking. I talked for an hour. The words just came. "Don't worry. It's going to be better. Rest easy. Don't fight it. Take deep breaths. You are not alone. Everything will be better for you soon."

Murmurs of comfort came from me, and I saw easier breathing, less tension. I let her know that she was loved, she was forgiven, and that she would be remembered, that she had taught us all so much. And finally, she stared at me, but really through me, eyes wide open, with the most peaceful, contented look on her face. And I said, "Oh Doris, whatever you see, it must be wonderful. You have the most beautiful look on your face." Then she closed her eyes and took her last breath.

And so I thank you, Doris, for so much. You didn't want to die, but you knew it was inevitable, so you wrestled with your fears, your anger, your pain. And you never did it quietly. You engaged us all in your battle. And you tried our patience. But in the long run, you learned to love us, and we learned to love you.

Night thoughts

I did not write about Doris O. when it

happened, yet she lingers in my mind. She was another "Doris," soon after Doris K. died, and I was more open, more receptive, more able to listen to her inner heart. I heard the nurse complain that her family was not leaving her alone to rest, that she was exhausted and her medicine was unable to bring her relief because she was not allowing it to work in a peaceful environment.

And finally they left and Doris and I were together and we started talking. And I do not know how our conversation got started, I do not know where the trust came from. Doris started out by merely sharing her exhaustion with me, and how hard it was to get out of her bed and go to the bathroom. How hard it had been to go for a walk that day. And suddenly I knew she wanted to rest, to give up, to die, but was unable to give herself permission.

She forced herself to stay alive, to attempt difficult physical acts because her family was not ready to let her go. And her exhaustion came from her mind, she would not allow herself to rest, she would not allow her mind to be blank. She worried and worried about her family. And I started asking her about how she felt as a young mother and of course the answers were all there. So many women, so many mothers love their children so much and want so much to protect them from all harm. Doris was still there trying to protect her children from something that was impossible—her own death.

I asked her if she had discussed her death with her own children and she said she had. One daughter in particular was on her mind; daughter said she was ready. But Doris wasn't sure if this was so. She asked me, "Do you believe my daughter really accepts my death?"

I answered, "Do you remember how when you first learned that you had terminal cancer and that you would die, how hard it was to accept that and how sometimes you would and sometimes you wouldn't? You went back and forth in those feelings and that is possibly how your daughter is. At that moment when she spoke to you, she spoke the truth and did accept. It is possible that at other times she cannot accept. And so she needs to go back and forth in her feelings, just as you needed to. But please remember there is nothing you can do to protect her from missing you, from feeling her grief at her loss of you."

I told Doris it was time for her to think of herself, that she deserved it, that she had earned it, and that if she wanted to rest, it was okay. So she treated herself to a bedpan rather than force herself in her weakened condition to go to the bathroom. How strange we are. Doris was a beautiful woman who showed her extraordinary strength in her attempt to shield her family, and then when it was time to be kind to her own body she chose as her first step a mundane, seemingly unimportant process.

Doris was still having trouble relaxing, so I suggested an exercise. I had read a book which suggested that we create a place in our minds that is peaceful, designed as only we can design for our inner selves. And that is a place to go when we need respite, relaxation, meditation. So I told Doris about the place in my mind by an ocean, with mountains, trees, sunshine and stars, shells, a plush comfy chair to sit in, a lamp, a book, a skylight. And how when I was about to have gum surgery I went there and how relaxed it made me. It was my magic place.

Doris closed her eyes and dreamed of the magic place that was hers alone, not to be shared with anyone, and it made her happy.

I never saw her again. □

REAL GOODS

Wee • boks



Dan Pike

By Shannon Travis Stolkin

And you thought Buster Brown had the last word in baby shoes. Hah. The word in yuppiedom is that if you really love your precious darling's ten rosy tootsies, you'll wrap them in only the finest combination of leather, rubber and glue. And we're not talking Keds here, either.

We're talking baby chic. We're talking \$24.99 a pop. We're talking Reebok.

Indeed. Infant shoe sizes two through nine hit the stores here just a scant few weeks ago and salespersons confirm that our lust for designer and name brand essentials will continue to pad their pocketbooks.

They had a hint last year, when baby Nikes were the rage. And they knew we were serious when we snatched up the high-topped infant "Air" Jordans. They are now convinced that our funds have no limit when it comes to kiddy couture.

"Look, if I can carry a Louis Vuitton handbag and my husband can have a closet full of custom silk shirts, my kid is gonna wear Reebok tennis shoes," one up-and-coming young Junior Leaguer explained. Well what the hell.

It's not difficult to see what makes these little gems so attractive to parents. They are, after all, made of soft-as-butter leather and feature tiny holes over the toes so feet can "breathe." All the better to grow with, my dear.

And at \$25 for the low-topped "Freestyle" model, they certainly cost more than the popular Nikes. All the better to elicit envy from the Joneses, my dear.

But if that hasn't convinced you that this is the buy of the century, get this: baby Reeboks are exact replicas of the \$40 to \$60 models made for Mom and Dad and even the Dirtbag's set.

"Parents want their little darlings to wear shoes that are just like theirs," explained a salesman at Athlete's Foot. And you thought Buster Brown was the last word. □



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STYLE

Fill it to the Brim

How to pick a cowboy hat and not look like a dude.

by Martha B. Hopkins

Albert Vasquez, general manager of Arizona Hatters, knows a bad hat from a good hat and has a theory that insures you pick the right hat. Lots of famous people must believe Vasquez since the store has outfitted the likes of Lee Iacocca, Lyndon Johnson, and actors James Arness and Lee Marvin.

Vasquez wishes Larry Hagman (J. R. Ewing on "Dallas") would drop by. "His hats don't work," Vasquez feels. "He should have a six-inch crown and three and three-quarter inch brim. And the crease is in the wrong place."

Vasquez's theory argues that the size of one's hat is determined by the circumference of one's head as measured by the bump on the back, which everyone has, divided by Pi. But size isn't as important as most people think. The crown, the brim, the dip and the crease count for more.

For Vasquez, the world is divided into three kinds of heads: round, regular oval and extra-long oval. Looking at the shape of the face and the shape of the head determines the crown height and shape. Brim width is determined by body height and the width of the shoulders. The side crease in the brim should be over the cheek bones for everyone.

"Most people don't pay any attention to these 'musts,' and that's why hats fail," he laments.

Vasquez has tackled some tough noggins. "It was hard to figure out

Vice President Geroqe Bush's head. Never seen anything quite like it," he recalls. "He's an extra-extra-long oval if there ever was one. Real tricky."

"I have a different situation. I have a real round face. If the brim is too wide or if the crease in the brim is in the wrong place, I look fat."

If a person with an oval head gets a round hat, Vasquez explains, he gets headaches in the front and back and has spaces at the temples. So why was John Wayne frowning and swearing so much in the movie *Red River*? Vasquez thinks it might have been because his hat didn't fit properly and poor Duke was getting "sideaches," the common fate of a person with a wide face wearing an oval hat. The condition is aggravated by increasing the dip, a vice Wayne was prone to.

When you're dealing with the rich and famous, you've got to be flexible, he says, and realize there are limits to what can be done. After making a tentative appointment, and elaborate security plans, Prince Rainer just didn't show. Who knows if he's walking the streets today with his dip, crease and brim out of synch?

Even with Vasquez's theory perfectly executed, there still can be problems. Jack Nicklaus showed up on the cover of the February, 1986 issue of *Tucson Lifestyle*, he recalls, with his carefully crafted hat on backwards. □

Martha B. Hopkins is a Tucson freelancer.



Albert Vasquez shows what a difference the right hat makes.

POLITICS

off the Lot

If you can't deal with Ev, kick the tires.

By Vern Lamplot

"If you can't deal with Ev Mecham, you just can't deal."

Those of us who live in the state's most favored city have probably never run across that little ditty, but it's a TV staple for residents of P-ville, the state capital, and cable systems north.

That's the way car salesman Ev Mecham pitches his Pontiacs.

Dripping with irony like water off a Bonneville from the car wash, that phrase is likely to be proved both very true and very false. The truth is, after four other runs up the ramp, Ev Mecham has gunned it over the stacked wreckage and slammed down on the other side. Ev's the guv, and that's the truth. But there is another truth. Since the man has virtually no friends, who's going to help him govern? He may as well send his toupee stand to the swearing-in ceremony.

There is ample precedent for Arizona not having a governor. We haven't had one for the last two years. The sight of Arizona's chief executive cycling across Iowa, pedaling for presidential votes while the state supposedly faced a budget crisis, did nothing to instill any confidence in me that a firm hand was on the tiller of the ship of state. In fact, I thought Bruce Babbitt couldn't have looked more foolish unless he wore a propeller beanie with those cute little shorts.

Remember Raul Castro, the man who was elected before Babbitt? The Democrats went to Washington and begged President Carter to get the guy out of the country. Can you imagine any other public official of similar rank resigning to take a political patronage job such as Ambassador to Argentina? Especially a job where just starting the car was an adventure. It must have been the romance of careening down different streets every day under the seat of a black limo that convinced him to take the work.

Jack Williams, who held office before Castro, thought the territorial boundary ended at the Maricopa County line. He had never heard of the Gadsden Purchase. He was looking forward to statehood.

In fact, Bruce Babbitt is the only governor this state has had in fifteen or twenty years. That is, until he came down with what could be a

terminal case of Potomac Fever. (Mo Udall and Barry Goldwater had milder cases but will carry the antibody forever. It's possible that Babbitt got it from shaking hands.) So the fact that Ev Mecham won't be able to govern the state isn't alarming; it isn't even unusual.

Mecham operated his campaign from his car dealership and was making all his moving arrangements from there as well. Staring out over a vast lot of Fieros, Trans Ams and Bonneville's probably induces a sense of calm in the governor, much the way that the beach soothes the rest of us. When times get tough on the eleventh floor, will he seek refuge back at the lot, trying to close a few sales? "Hey, how 'bout those tires? Like that tape deck? Remember, if you can't deal with Ev Mecham...." My bet is that Ev Mecham sees the governorship as one, long, FREE car commercial.

Mecham has no agenda. That "repeal" of the "temporary tax" will have to wait because he just found out about the projected state budget deficit. Gee Ev, it was in all the papers. It's just as well he has no agenda, because the Republican leadership in the Legislature is already telling Ev what they will and won't do. If Ev actually had something that he wanted to do, it could get sticky.

The one thing Ev was firm about was a holiday! A holiday? His opposition to Martin Luther King Day has united moribund civil rights activists who for years now have concentrated on community agendas. In his own small-minded way, Ev Mecham has brought people together.

In a spirit of good faith, I have a suggestion for the governor that will save face and give the rest of us what we want. Declare a free-floating holiday, Ev, call it Roger Smith Day after the chairman of General Motors if it makes you feel any better. And on January 19, while the rest of us are celebrating at least the partial renewal of America's commitment to justice, you can push on down to the car lot, play with a couple of antennas and talk financing with the customers. Trust me, Ev. TAKE THE DEAL. □

Vern Lamplot has been a reporter, commentator and producer for radio and television, and is a long-time observer of Tucson politics.

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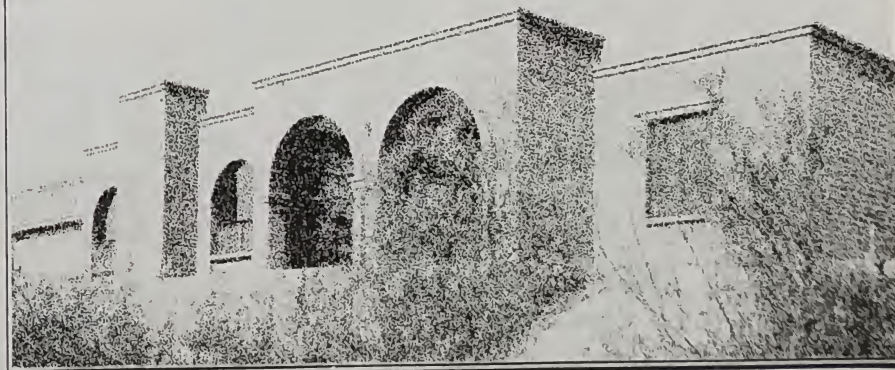
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Grackles

El Clarinete knows that where humans go, the good life awaits.

by Tom Dollar

Fort Lowell Park. At 11 a.m. the mercury is already nudging toward real heat. Across from where I sit in the pecan grove near the Hohokam Village site, a path comes out of a creosote and mesquite bosque, crosses the footbridge spanning the dry wash, and curves round the village midden heap.

After the archaeologists rummaged the garbage, they piled the dirt back and put up markers to say what they had found—busted tools, potsherds, bits of bone, and fossilized excrement. When the stink got too bad, the Hohokam moved out and waited for the sun, wind and rain to clean the mess up. Sometimes they moved back.

Behind me and slightly to my right, a riparian reconstruction is meant to show what used to be here when the Rillito and Pantano Wash were meandering creeks with year-round water. Water comes out of a pump house, flows through a ditch for about fifty meters, then drops below ground to be pumped through again.

Somewhere high in a line of cottonwoods alongside the toy-model stream, el clarinete, the great-tailed grackle, whistles and chortles among his harem.

He stayed when the Hohokam disappeared for good in the 13th century. Stayed when the soldiers came to make a fort 600 years after the Indians. And stays now to watch joggers run up out of the dry wash where Hohokam children once trapped fish with their bare hands.

El clarinete is an opportunist, like the raccoon, the coyote, the herring gull, and knows that where humans go the good life awaits. And so he follows their migrations. He'll



Theresa Smith

eat anything—yes, garbage—but he usually feeds on the ground, on insects, grains and, sometimes, fruits.

In the wild he lives near marshes, but he's learned to be partial to city parks. With water, grass, tall trees, and spilled-over refuse cans, parks are perfect.

He's big. Like his cousin the boat-tail of the Eastern salt marshes, he measures up to seventeen inches from the working end of his strong bill to the tip of his keel-shaped tail. It's his identifying feature, that tail, conspicuously longer than either wing, and in flight it looks like too big a load to carry.

He's black. Blue-black. And beautiful. Like light bounced off an oil slick, his feathers gleam rainbow hues when the angle of reflection is just right. His eye is a yellow bead riveted by a black dot.

In the bird world he's one of the blackjackets—noisy, bold, streetwise. Sounds like a crow, but he's not related. The great-tail's tribe is Icteridae, made up of meadowlarks, orioles, and other blackbirds. Crows are Corvidae, the same family as jays and magpies.

He's a polygamist. Watchful and cunning, el clarinete sends his harem out to feed on the ground while he tunes up in the treetops. Is

he guarding them, I wonder, or playing it safe?

When it comes to song, the great-tail is in a class by himself. Most grackles are limited to a raspy one-note chack, chack. Not so el clarinete. His alarm call is a terse clackety-clack, but when he soars into full voice, he covers all the stops: rattles and shrieks, wheezes and whistles, soft whirring sounds, and a clear-noted, rapidly repeated high-pitched tee-tee-tee, somewhere around G four octaves above middle C.

Listen to him. He noodles around, muttering to himself, it seems, until he's got a little riff going. Then he improvises variations of the pattern that may go on for fifteen or twenty seconds. Back to the figure, repeat it, improvisize. For variety's sake he makes it an up-tune, double-time, and runs the volume from pianissimo to forte.

Some call the mockingbird the king of song, but he's only an imitator. A good one—I once heard one imitate my Weed Eater—but still only an imitator. The great-tail is an original.

It is high noon now, and hot, even in the shade. Eyes closed against the heat, I drift into reverie and groove on el clarinete bopping in the treetop behind me.

A sound? I glance up to see a boy and white-haired woman walk out of the mesquite thicket and up the path. The boy leads a small dog, fat, stuffed into its skin like sausage. It waddles to keep up. The boy and white-haired woman turn and speak to it encouragingly.

Suddenly, right where the path comes past the Hohokam trash heap, the dog drops and rolls in a fit of terrible spasms. Horrorstruck, the boy runs to the white-haired woman who shields his eyes with her hand.

Everything stops.

I cannot breathe.

El clarinete stops playing.

The boy and white-haired woman turn to stone.

Only the dog moves, its paws slow—pedaling the air as if to gain purchase on the cobalt sky.

What do I do? Bring water? To pour on the dog?

From his perch in the cottonwoods, el clarinete keeps a yellow eye peeled for an Indian with a stone ax to run up out of the wash and whack the dog out of its misery. Maybe it will end up on the garbage heap for him to pluck clean.

Then, as sudden as its onset, the spell is broken. The dog jumps up, healed, younger than when it fell, and runs circles around the boy and white-haired woman, who shout to make it stop.

The trio moves off, the dog frisking ahead, then turning to bark at the boy and white-haired woman. They are laughing now and running to keep up.

I breathe again.

El clarinete takes up his song where he left off. It is an old song with endless variations. It is very beautiful.

Nothing supprises him anymore. ♪

Tom Dollar is a Tucson free-lancer.

Dog Day Afternoon

The secret of betting the pups is to stick with the plan.

by Ken Harts

Traveling north on Central Avenue about three-quarters of a mile past the New York City line, the Yonkers Raceway stands off to your right. As a kid I could feel that building's power and mystery when I passed it commuting from the Bronx. Barred by my age, the track seemed to symbolize the fruits of adulthood. By sixteen, my buddies and I were jumping the fence between races five and six when security lapsed. Frequently I'd watch people collect at the \$50-\$100 windows. Their demeanor expressed more than excitement; it was as if they held a big important secret. I began to crave that knowledge.

Instead of girls I studied horses and drivers; instead of social studies, it was bettors and statistics. Those who seemed to beat the odds I held in awe. I was a notorious pest, spreading and tracking down tips and rumors. When I was seventeen I hit for \$612. It was sweet, an unmatched natural high, one only slightly diminished by the \$75 paid out to a drunk for cashing in my ticket (in New York you have to be eighteen to collect). I soon found my way to bookies and the state's legal off-track betting parlors.

Tucson presents a betting man with a more restrained environment. There is no legal off-track-betting and bookies are as scarce as Libyan exchange students. My first years in the desert were very dry: a few betting pools at work, the obligatory Super Bowl or World Series wager and maybe a yearly junket to Vegas. I did experience Rillito Raceway before it folded, but my initial impressions were negative. I was put off by the short distances and quick times of the quarterhorses which run 440 yards in thirty-odd seconds. Yonkers Raceway featured harness racing which is generally twice around a half-mile track with a time slightly above two minutes. It just felt like you got more for your money with the longer race in New York.

Still, a veteran player requires a track, and is capable of rationalizing small inconveniences. It did not take me too long to find the silver lining in the dark clouds of Rillito. Although

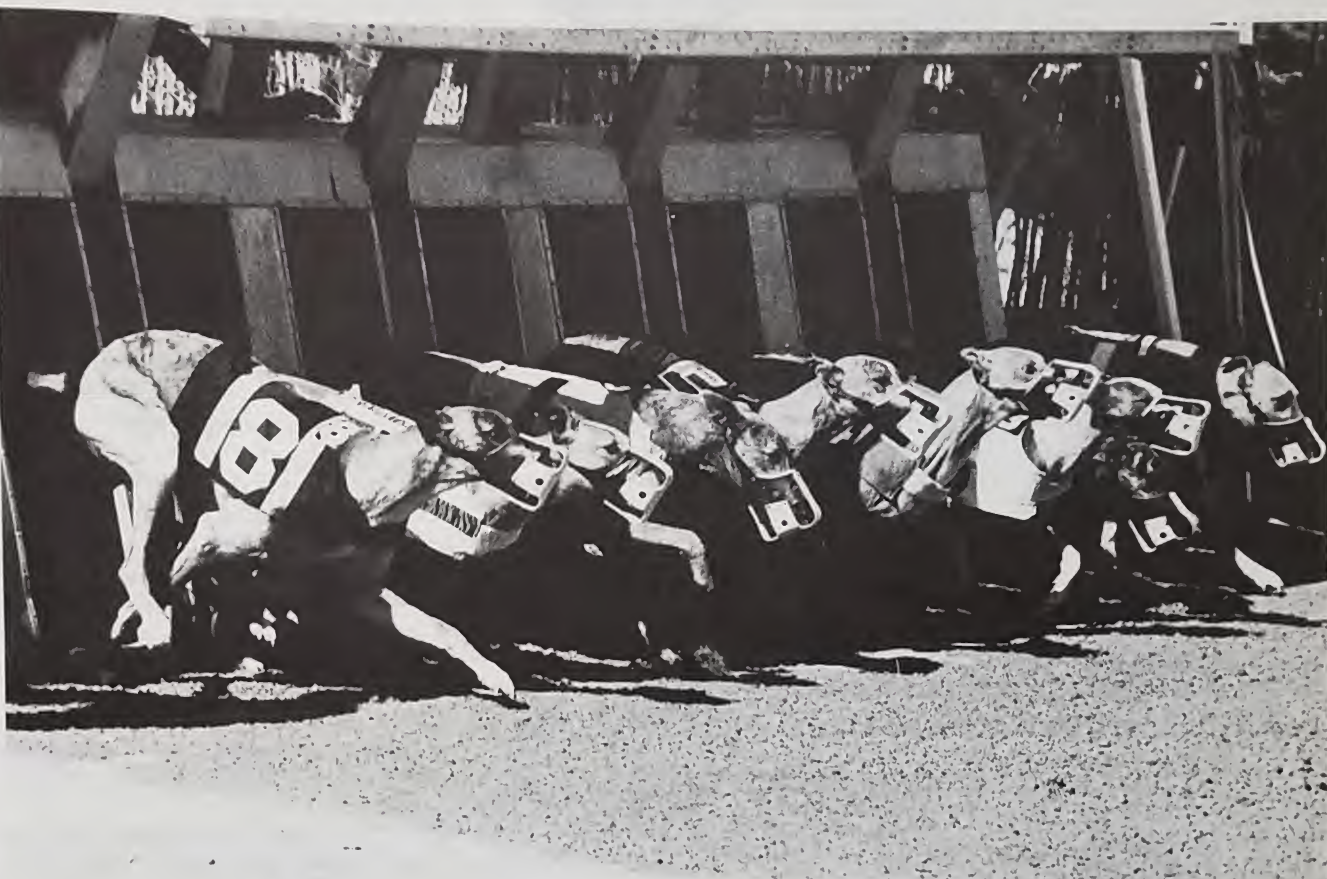


Photo Courtesy of Tucson Greyhound Park

the place was falling apart and there was talk of fixes, the history hooked me. Knowledgeable track people pointed out that Rillito was the first track ever to have parimutuel wagering on quarter horses. Parimutuel means all bets are in a pool and all odds are affected by how much money in the pool has been bet on a particular horse. If horse number four is 200 to 1 to win, roughly one dollar out of every two hundred has been bet on that horse. In our age, you don't find anything but parimutuel betting systems.

My perspective changed when Rillito closed. The place seemed less like a dive and more like a museum. My budding love affair with the track was never to be consummated. So, having whet my appetite with a small taste of the local action, I turned my attention and limited finances toward the dogs of Tucson Greyhound Park.

Frequently, bettors talk of gambling in philosophical, superstitious, even religious terms. Psychiatrists use words like obsessive, compulsive or addictive. Shrinks score some points but you can't brush all bettors as sick people

requiring treatment. True, the degenerate gambler exists and will go anywhere to bet everything. But mostly the track is people enjoying themselves legally in a manner they find meaningful, challenging and potentially rewarding. I love to gamble and that is enough justification for me.

Every race induces cross currents of number premonitions, color intuitions, superstitious incantations, even religious affirmations. My good friend bets only occasionally, but when he does, he plays the 2-4-8 combination. Another acquaintance will use his army pension money but never touches his salary. He feels luckier playing with the government's money. Sunday's matinee brings out folks who have gotten their inspiration earlier at their local church. All of these factors light that tote board as the odds are computed. Winners inarticulately describe the feelings and sensations that foretold the order of finish. Losers often talk of a sense of colors, numbers or vague thoughts that distracted them from winning. I have felt certain I would win before it happened—but not often enough.

I decided my best day for attacking the greyhounds would be the Wednesday matinee. I figured my best plan would be a surgical strike: get in and get the hell out. A Wednesday matinee program can be purchased on Monday. This allowed extra time to study the data necessary to execute a strategy. For superstitious reasons, I vowed I would play four races and quit before I overstayed my welcome.

With this in mind, I tailored my strategy to meet my financial and temperamental needs. I could spare twenty-five dollars, the bets themselves would be six dollar quinella boxes (the payoff comes from picking the first two finishers in a race, regardless of order). I was picking (or basebaling) three dogs in four different races at a cost of six dollars a race. This meant in each race I would choose three dogs and bet that two of the three would finish first or second. An average quinella pays about twenty dollars—but some pay a lot more.

By Wednesday, I am prepared! I've chosen my races, I'm at the park having a beer and it's twenty-six minutes to post time. My conscience is

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SPORTS

clear; it is okay to drink because I have my picks with no intention of second-guessing myself. The crowd is thin, preoccupied and quiet. Everyone is doing last minute homework. I look at the board and notice my 2-5-7 quinella picks are low-paying. The bugle calls the dogs to parade for the first race. With five minutes to post time, I wander over to Hanna, who sells hotdogs and beer. She is a dignified, proud woman with a strong Scandinavian accent. She has owned dogs and is very knowledgeable of the track environment. In a concerned manner, she observes that my seven-dog looks like he's choking on his collar. Sadly, she reflects that the kids today don't know what they're doing. As I tell Hanna my bet she smiles with amused empathy. My five-dog has dropped four pounds.

"Greyhounds eat a lot," she explains, "but if they don't win they don't always eat. It's just too expensive."

I have a beer, sit back and reflect. I decide that this new intelligence doesn't mean the dogs will lose. But in this case they do, finishing 2-4-8. I had the lead dog but that's all. The quinella pays a skimpy \$14.80. No panic here. I'm sticking with the plan, which has now been reduced by one race because of beer consumption. Two races still to bet and it is twelve minutes to post for the second race.

The park is starting to fill up—mainly male senior citizens in groups of two or three. Everyone seems to know one another. There is a good sprinkling of women with small children; I'd say thirty percent of the crowd is under thirty-five; many are students. Everybody is reading the program. I search for someone with a confident look but they are all bent down calculating the form. I have a beer and resist a strong urge to change my planned bet. With two minutes left, I grudgingly bet the predetermined 7-8-3, another low-paying prospect at best. No matter. *I'm sticking with the plan.* I deliberately avoid Hanna in the hope that ignorance will bring bliss.

The order of finish is 1-3-8 and pays \$26.80. I console myself with a another beer and the knowledge that I'm getting closer. I've got eight dollars and must win one quinella. I down a small beer.

With fifteen minutes to post, I check my notes on race three and draw a blank. Now I know I'm drunk. This race is a grade-C for non-winning and inexperienced dogs, the most complicated grade to dope, far too complicated for me now. No matter. I've worked hard doing my homework and feel secure with my picks. With six minutes to post, my 4-8-1 quinella (which I have yet to bet)

shows good, long payoffs. As the dogs parade past in the pre-race ceremony, I notice the young lady leading the six-dog. I am high, but without doubt this young lady is an unusual beauty. If that's not enough, she moves with a feline grace that is unparalleled in this race. No matter that the six-dog is looking off in all different directions, seems palsied and resembles a drugged loon. I note the six dog is at a very solid \$32.20 to win and pays well in quinella situations. I float a smile at the woman and I swear she returns it. Through my fog, I hear the announcement—just over a minute to post.

Now everyone seems loud and annoying. A strange man with large glazed eyes is screaming about the three-dog going inside. I can't take my mind off the six. I'm walking to the window numbed. My pre-selections now mean nothing. The six. That definitely means something. With a few seconds to spare, I change to the 4-6-1 and drop the eight-dog.

My fate and the race is sealed quickly. The six is blocked. The order of finish is 4-8-1, with the 4-8 quinella paying \$39.40. The six-dog is dead last. I blew it like a novice kid. I'm feeling nauseated and am possessed by a strong need to leave. I am sober enough to know I'm totally broke.

The next day, reflecting on the lessons of Wednesday, I conclude that preparation is ninety percent! I had been dealing with eight different dogs with long histories and one must consider where each animal has raced, the favored post position it likes, best times, blockage tendencies, even diet. Good interpretation, adequate finances and the determination to implement one's plan is essential. Intangibles—posture, weight, overall demeanor, track conditions—can cause last-second adjustments. Wednesday I ruined myself simply because I allowed myself to get drunk and distracted. I made uncalled-for adjustments.

I have sought out serious players. All agree that to win at the greyhounds, you must devote eight hours a day. Old programs must be researched and then there are your personal notes and logs. To get an edge is a fulltime job with plenty of overtime. No resume is necessary, only a fanatical dedication. It's tedious work, just like any nine-to-five grind, but it can pay. It's tempting. But for now, I prefer to keep the track recreational, simply an occasional, exciting diversion. At least that's my position today. □

Ken Harts has lived in Tucson for years does radio shows for KXCI and will bet on the next pitch.

Day of Excellence

Sometimes a good idea just won't quit.

by Ed McDonald

It all began with an idea, and that's where I usually stop. This time, however, I made the mistake of telling someone about the idea.

January 29, the day after *Challenger* blew up, I had been thinking all day that it seemed inevitable that we would end up remembering the *Challenger* crew by declaring a holiday. And the more I thought about it, the more wrong it seemed that we would honor these people who had worked twelve hours a day, seven days a week, for twenty years, by taking the day off to pop a six-pack. That evening at a teacher training program, I saw that Dennis Van Roeckel, president of the Arizona Education Association. So I wandered over and told him I had an idea to honor the astronauts by having the president declare January 28 a national "un-holiday," a day when people would dedicate themselves to the ideal for which the astronauts stood—excellence.

Well, there was nothing unusual going on here—just Ed McDonald shooting off his mouth again. You can imagine my surprise when Dennis told me that if I would write it up, he would ask the AEA to back it. Now I'd got myself into something. So by 2:30 a.m., I finished writing my essay, "A National Day of Excellence." The next morning, I sent a copy to the president, photocopied a few for my friends at work and figured that was the end of it.

That thought lasted until noon. Other teachers wanted to send my letter to the newspapers, the principal wanted to send it to the school board, and Dennis was calling from Phoenix to see if I had written it yet. At this point, vague thoughts of glory began to dance in my head. Maybe this could really be done! That night, I warmed up my word processor and wrote letters to the Phoenix and Tucson newspapers, to presidential assistants and to our congressmen and senators. Having done that, I thought that I could then retire to the White Mountains for the ski season. Well, I still haven't been skiing.

Problems began to arise. If this was going to the school board for endorsement, then various forms had to be filled out and filed—by tomorrow. Various intermediary persons (who may or may not be available) had to sign these forms, and, of course, it had to be put on the board's agenda, which should be done today, except (again, of course) I can't do that until the other forms are filed. The only solution was to call a great many secretarial-type people, beg them for advice, and throw myself on their mercy. Fortunately, they were all pretty nice about it. Part of the solution is to never go to bed before 3 a.m.

Then there was the City Council endorsement. I called a councilman who said that he would introduce it, and I thought that had done it until a friend whispered, "Why stop with one?" So I wrote letters to all the city councilman. Tom Volgy's office called me within an hour of getting the letter, and Brent Davis wrote a return letter

the following day—both of them promising support. Somewhere I found the good grace to thank them.

Then there were the personal appearances. You don't just count on committees to carry out your plan without your being there to shout encouragement. Forget about ever being home to watch "Miami Vice" again.

I learned to never discount the assistance of other people. One woman called because she had seen my letter to the editor. I asked her to help me, and she said she would bring it up at Rep. Jim Kolbe's next town meeting. A week later, I got a phone message from Kolbe offering to introduce my idea in Congress and asking to meet with me. This was a real shock, since I had no idea that congressmen ever listened to people, much less met with them.

Next, I learned that I should never discount my own ability to fake it. Kolbe asked me to write the resolution for introduction, and I accepted without even knowing the difference between a bill and a resolution. Nonetheless, I took a sample of another resolution and copied the style. At our next meeting, he asked me if I would like to work on his Washington staff during the summer. I cheerfully accepted and was out to my car before the implications hit me.

For one thing, I (the original Levi's Kid) was going to have to wear a dark, pin-stripe suit. The people at Kuppenheimer's were very nice.

Next, I had to survive for the summer. The job had no salary. The people at MasterCard were also very nice. I sold my two ratty old cars and bought another that I could finance for more than I paid for it. I left the Girl Back Home behind and headed for the mysterious East.

I found that getting a resolution introduced in Congress is one thing, but getting it passed is another. First, I had to get 218 of the 435 representatives to co-sponsor my resolution, H.J. Res 588. Then I would have to get a powerful senator to introduce it in the Senate. Both of these are accomplished by a combination of gaining third party endorsements from important lobbying organizations, such as the American Institute for Aeronautics and Astronautics and the Young Astronauts Council, and by lobbying literally hundreds of congressional staffs. You never actually talk to the Big Man (the congressman or senator) himself.

Everything takes longer than you thought it would. A letter of endorsement that is coming in two or three days will come in two or three weeks (even then, only if you call to inquire and find that it is "tied up in word processing"). Telephone communications, however, are surprisingly faster. When you introduce yourself as calling from a congressman's office, virtually anyone is willing to take your call. Frankly, it beats the hell out of calling up and saying you are a teacher.

I learned to listen carefully to the advice of the pros. A number of the Big People I contacted were only reachable through the intercession of third parties. The only way I was able to learn about this was through Kolbe's administrative

assistant or when some professional lobbyist took pity on me and told me who to contact or offered (in two instances) to help me themselves. There is no substitute for friendship.

Finally, the biggest secret of all is to learn to use the "Big Mo"—momentum. Basically, this means that political people will only sign onto something when they are convinced that everyone else is in the act of signing on also. How you convince everyone simultaneously of this WITHOUT TELLING ANY LIES is the great secret of political activism.

By the way, I've just learned that getting something through Congress and signed by the President is not the same as getting it implemented.

Help!

So far I've dropped a few thousand dollars of my own money on this idea, but more than money, what is needed is the participation of individuals. Teachers need to plan for both their students and themselves to do their best on January 28. Employers should offer extra quality control incentives on that day. Sales people should be psyched up to outdo their best previous day. I would like to see manufacturers affix a label saying, "Manufactured Jan. 28—National Day of Excellence," and give an extended warranty on goods made that day. □

When he is not selling the nation on his passion, Ed McDonald is a teacher at Project M.O.R.E.



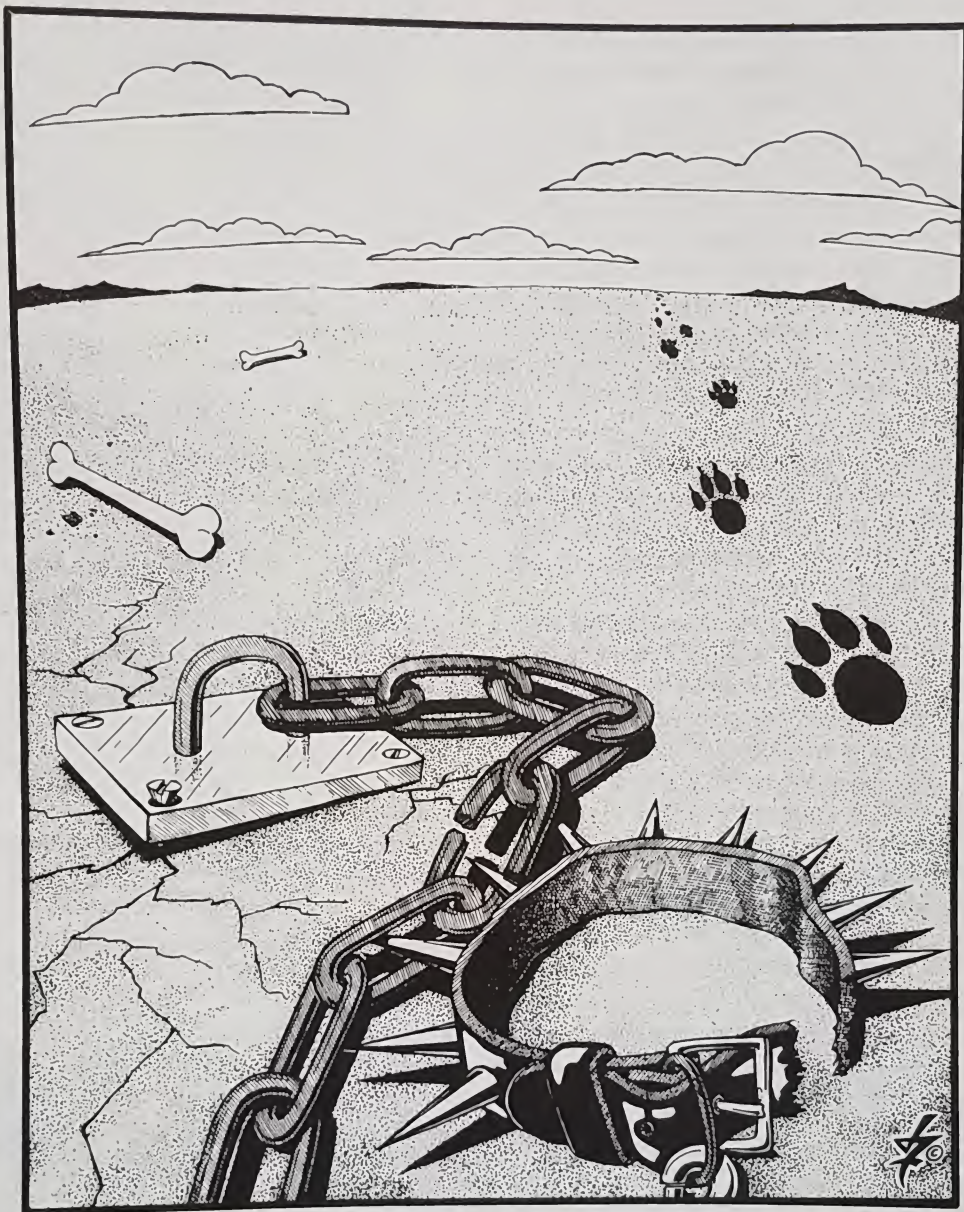
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Looking For a Few Good Books



James Fossno

I woke up in North Beach with a hangover and walked out to the kitchen for coffee. A man sat at the table with a sketch pad and two women watched him draw. I did not know their names, whose apartment I was in or where it was located exactly. I stared at the man and said, "Familiarity breeds contempt." He never looked up. It was May, 1967, in San Francisco and the Summer of Love was about to begin.

I crossed the city on foot to the bus station. A black bodybuilder in drag swirled past with his lover. At San Jose, I caught a ride to the Monterey peninsula for a concert called Monterey Pop. I'd heard about the event at the IBM plant where I worked as a clerk. On the job, I'd stand next to a whirring 360 computer in the labs scribbling poetry on blank sheets of printout paper. Everyone wore a white shirt, tie and polished shoes. Three days after I arrived on the coast I met my first dealer—a fellow toiler at Big Blue. The THINK signs were beginning to spin in a psychedelic haze.

At Monterey, the Hell's Angels showed up after enduring a four-year banishment resulting from their last visit, when they raped a girl on the beach. The festival's electric amps blasted right into the history books. Janis Joplin became famous, Jimi Hendrix ignited his guitar with lighter fluid and Ravi Shankar laid a fog of raga on a squad of Angels who sat in front of me stoned and fingering their chains like prayer beads. Each night everyone squatted on a huge open field and heard most of the same acts for free. I bunked with the Angels and met a boxcar-sized member named Cosmos. While Tiny Tim scampered through "Tiptoe Through the Tulips," Cosmos took offense at a fellow music lover's attitude and stomped him into the grass and mud.

I was twenty-one years old and I had signed on for a music concert where 15,000 people had been expected. Fifty thousand showed and it was not a concert. This was one of the storied moments of the '60s when they lit the afterburners and the

flight arced toward the final crash and burn. But, my god, what a surge of power. I saw a man walk by in a monk's habit smoking a joint and singing blues.

All that now is part of the junkpile of history, but two recent books help us track what we have done to ourselves with the promise and failure of that decade and those moments. The first, Steven Gaines' *Heroes & Villains: The True Story of the Beach Boys* (New American Library, New York, 1986, \$17.95), delivers in sturdy (if at times dull) reporting the collapse of the Beach Boys. They were supposed to be the keynote band that day at Monterey. But they backed out, thus losing their chance to join a new rupture in American culture.

They were reared by a musical father who was a salesman. The old man beat the three boys—Brian, Dennis and Carl Wilson—and raised them in the basic Southern California ticky-tack subdivision. Team-

ed with cousin Mike Love and others they formed one of countless early '60s bands based on beach culture—except in this case the musical mastermind beyond the group, Brian, never surfed and was terrified of water. Their music clicked and suddenly they were right up there on the charts with the Beatles. They peddled great harmonics and demented lyrics about the surf, girls and hot cars. And they fell apart.

Brian vanished into serious mental illness, ballooned up to 300 pounds and took to bed for several years. Dennis devoured women, booze and drugs, and at age thirty-nine jumped drunk off an L.A. dock and drowned. Everyone else pursued variants of these fates. A lot of the money got blown up their noses. According to the author, Brian could snort \$5,000 worth of cocaine in half an hour. He stopped taking showers and wore nothing but pajamas for several years. Dennis took in the illegitimate daughter of his cousin Mike Love, a man he hated, and then

fathered a child off the girl. And so forth.

I can remember driving down the Bayshore Freeway in the spring of 1967 listening to "Good Vibrations," Brian Wilson's pocket symphony. There was expectation in the air, drugs on the corner and a big rewrite of the American future on everyone's lips. A lot of those lips were making music. It was one of those bizarre moments when a huge portion of the continent was suddenly young together. Gaines' book takes us backstage to where the music came from and where the money went.

The Beach Boys, like most of us, never rose above their simple, piggy roots. Pour millions through them and what results—besides endless albums of hack work to earn more money—is property. A 91,000 square-foot office building there, a Lockheed plant here, a herd of Rolls-Royces. What is interesting about this book is that in the end, almost nothing in it is of interest. Brian Wilson parks his Steinway in a huge sandbox in the living room. Dennis Wilson houses the Manson Family as they size up the potential of Los Angeles for their unique social message. Everybody buys big houses and marries a new woman every year or two. After 374 pages of this, I'd rather have my teeth pulled than spend an evening chatting with the Beach Boys. The book is replete with photos of their faces eroding under the constant snowstorms and glut-tony.

But I read every word of it. The problem is this thing called the '60s. People who did not experience those years are bored and resentful at the constant focusing on the brief days of Woodstock Nation. I've got a niece in her early twenties and she once snapped, "The '60s accomplished nothing." I suppose she is right. But I am in part a '60s junkie because that is when I first realized the rich promise in this country and its people. I drove a beat-up car 27,000 miles in six months, saw a timid woman suddenly stop six lanes of traffic in a demonstration and sat up all night in a shack in Mississippi

BOOKS

with Fanny Lou Hamer, a short black woman who enraged Lyndon Johnson when she showed up at the 1964 Democratic Convention with an integrated Freedom Democratic Party delegation. I saw Janis Joplin as a street singer in North Beach and once had a perfect stranger walk up to me in one of the darker corners of Guadalajara simply because I was carrying a Richard Farina album under my arm. Few today remember Farina's name or can realize what a secret signal he, and others, were among a growing community of madmen and madwomen. It was the time when I first noticed the obvious: the best minds and hearts of my generation looked like hell, played electric guitars and were writing the real history of my days and nights in ear-splitting songs.

The Summer of Love was a bust, the Beach Boys and the other rock icons were swine, the notion of drugs as the key to human liberation was nonsense—yes, all that is true. But those few years had more juice, energy and dreams than a lot of centuries. In the '60s, millions of us finally sloughed off the gray flannel suit of this country's business culture and got a real human heart.

That is the reason books on groups like the Beach Boys are written and why we read them. That is why the Beach Boys can continue to tour, as can the Rolling Stones, as mockeries of their once vital selves. Now the '80s are mostly gone and the crazed days of hippies and revolution and drugs flicker on in parody. One of the survivors, drugs, is considered in Charles Nicholl's *The Fruit Palace: An odyssey through Colombia's cocaine underground* (St. Martin's Press, New York, 1985, \$16.95). This book (the title refers to a fruit juice stand where a deal almost goes down) is beautifully written, moving, honest and perfectly structured. A masterpiece. Nicholl is British and throughout his journey maintains a stiff upper lip, plus a nose full of coke. He is sent by a publisher to Colombia, a country he has known well for years, with the assigned task of discovering the bad boys, bad girls and bad syndicates that export cocaine to the United States and Europe. He does that and more, but mercifully this is not another screaming report on the menace of wicked foreigners pouring poison into the sainted homeland of Ozzie and Harriet.

Colombia is a country that completely bewitches Nicholl and what he reports is how we—and the we is largely the people of the '60s and their drugged-out descendants—are corrupting a culture with our money and our appetites. Charles Nicholl takes us to where Timothy

Leary's dictum, "Tune in, Turn on, Drop Out" finally comes crashing to ground. And he does it with a hell of a lot of humor and feeling.

For those fascinated by the nuts and bolts of the drug trade, it is all here: the smugglers, the "cooks," the mules, the growers, the foreigners wheeling and dealing, the expatriates snorting around Bogota. And the danger. Nicholl just about gets killed bagging his story. Colombia in the author's account seems a mixture of *One Hundred Years of Solitude* and the best of Mark Twain.

Once hot on the trail of Snow White, a new super coke entering the market, Nicholl tracks its powdery tail from mountain villages of peasants to jungle outbacks to steaming ports full of cutthroats. But the heart of the book and the message of his journey is in the last few pages when he retreats to a mountain homeland of untamed and relatively untouched Indians. Here no one uses cocaine but every adult male consumes cocoa leaves, the source of the drug. Even a good chew is controlled, however—only married men and no women or children are allowed to partake.

There is one haunting passage: "The heart of the Sierra remains Indian country, and the descendants of the Tairona—the Arhuacos, Koguis and a small tribe called the Arsarios—continue their old ways undisturbed. To the average *mestizo*, the Indians represent poverty and underdevelopment and not much else. They are *gente baja*, low people. The Indians respond to this with their ancient, disconcerting, stone-like gaze, and their inner conviction that apart from the minor inconvenience of colonization, the continent still entirely belongs to them. Anyone who has ventured much into South America will know the feeling that there is another pulse, another country, just beneath and behind the surface. You're walking on solid earth, you're confident of what your wisdom is worth, and then suddenly you're falling into the cunningly concealed pit of the past."

In their country he finds out what the generation of the '60s purported to crave and the ground it never reached, a place of hard work, merriment and drugs controlled by the facts of life instead of life controlled by the regimen of drugs. He finds the real "Good Vibrations" and leaves to us the task of facing up to the cocaine hobby we have created within our own culture because we have lacked the will and the guts to go the real distance.

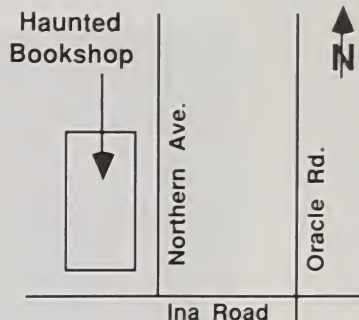
I read a lot of books, a serious addiction. I figure I am lucky if in the course of a year I read one book that is this good. □

—Charles Bowden



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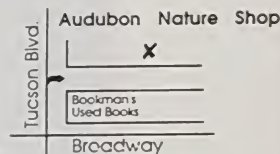


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Hal Gould

Eugene Sanchez

Eugene Sanchez is fifty-five years old, Mexican-American and he runs a sushi bar in Tucson, Tokyo Restaurant, 5802 E. 22nd Street. He likes new cars, raises koi (the Japanese ornamental carp) in his backyard and works all the time. He is planning to expand—a sushi bar opening in February in the renovated Geronimo near the University, possibly a place in the Foothills—and he plots his every move. He does not believe in debt but in hard work. He says he learned it all from a farm family in Wisconsin, the American military, and his wife.

I was born in Ciudad Juarez and raised in Silver City, New Mexico. I left Mexico when I was seven—I didn't start school until I was nine years old. I have only a tenth-grade education, I was drafted into the army then. I was two years in the Army and twenty years in the Air Force.

In Vietnam I was a cook at the officers club at Ton Son Nhut, '66-'68. I was there during Tet and I had to hide. I was downtown. They didn't give us any guns, we were cooks. What was Tet like? The way I look at it—I have always been this kind of a person: if it's my turn, I'm going to die in here

walking around the kitchen. If it's not my turn out there, nothing is going to happen to me. You run and hide, you go in the bunkers and this and that, you know, but you keep cooking. People have to eat—cooks are protected.

After Vietnam I was in Japan three years. I met my wife Michiko in the hospital. She knew a little English; the only Japanese I know is her. Let me tell you, no man can amount to anything without a woman. Single men never have any money. I know.

I did not taste sushi until I had been in Japan two years. Why? It did not taste like pinto beans. The first time I didn't like it. But once you start on it you start getting braver. And now I like the raw stuff, the tuna, the yellow tail.

We married and moved to Tucson, to Davis Monthan, and then I retired here. I worked at Denny's for eight years. I always have a job. Then in 1979 we opened an Oriental food store and then we decided to open a sushi bar—the wife wanted to open a store. I taught myself how to make sushi, you get a book and you read and you're going to do it. The honest truth, it took me four weeks to just to get the rolls perfect and about a year to get the sushi, the tuna and rice.

I still make the best rice. Every morning I come

in here an hour and a half before anybody so I can make it. I do a lot of things, I start the soups before anybody else comes in. I try and give 110 percent every time. I work six days a week, nine a.m. to eleven p.m. and then I go home and do paperwork. I get six hours sleep a night.

To be honest with you I learned to work hard from a service friend I had from Wisconsin, Raymond Zastraw and his family. I used to visit them on their farm when I was just a kid in the Army. They used to tell me that hard work is what makes a person, that it will never kill you, but starvation will. He is one of the best friends I ever had in my life. They had a dairy farm and they were all hard workers. They told me if you want to have anything in life you have to work for it because nobody will give you anything. And I think they're right. And that is what I try to teach my daughter.

I have one daughter, Kathy, nineteen, she's going to the University of Arizona, pre-med. She doesn't have a choice, she has to be an A student. She still works here every weekend as a waitress.

I don't go back to Mexico and I don't intend to go either. I can't stand to see those poor people walking around. I've been through that myself. I know that. I was very poor. □

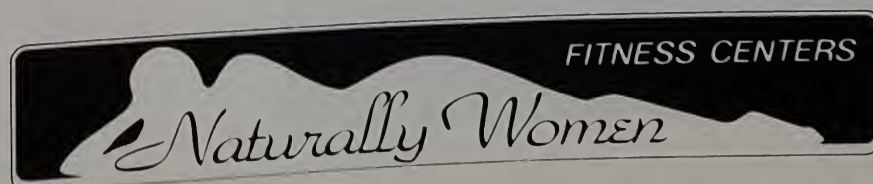


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